TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

No school trustee election in Toronto has ever occasioned such comment and bitter feeling as the one which took place in St. Andrew's ward on Tuesday last. It is surprising to no one that Hon. Mr. Anglin was victorious by a large majority as he had all the influence of the Catholic church on his side, while his opponent had to combat the accepted belief of the vast majority of his co-religionists that secular education is as much a church matter as religious education itself. That a contest has taken place on the lines of Tuesday last makes public the fact that within the church itself a radical movement is in progress which bitterly resents any clerical interference in educational matters or the exercise of the rights of citizenship. During the contest Protestant advice has been very freely given to the electors and no doubt has been resented. Now that the election is over, the sneers of those opposed to Separate schools must be still more irritating as some of the daily papers have not been slow in taunting the Separate school electors with being the slaves of the Archbishop. This is exactly the result I expected. Of course, I cannot look at it from any other than a Protestant standpoint, but I always endeavor to be fair, and it seems to me that his Grace has forced his adherents into a position where the sneers and taunts of those opposed to the Church of Rome will be most galling. There can be but one result of a conflict of this kind. The humiliation of those accused of being the slaves of the prelate will excite them to greater independence of action, and when next they have an opportunity they will endeavor to demonstrate that they have a will of their own. It is impossible in a mixed community like this for any prelate, no matter how influential he may be, to keep his adherents in a condition of tutelage; their self-respect will forbid it; the jeers of their Protestant neighbors will make it unendurable. I believe the Archbishop's victory will do his church much more harm than would have resulted from his defeat. So much angry comment has been excited that many of his people resent his interference as having been an unnecessary humiliation, while to others it has been an apparent demonstration that free citizenship can not exist within the Catholic church.

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Another phase of the case—which for the first time in my memory brings the ultra-Protestants of Toronto into sympathy with his Grace—is the fact that the defeated party are the land-leaguers and those generally denounced as Irish agitators. It is not at all surprising then that the loyalists and ultra-Protestant section are doubly delighted; first, because the Archbishop has shown himself in sympathy with coercion, and second, because the land-league faction, to which they are most bitterly opposed, has suffered the humiliation of defeat. It now rests with his Grace to figure out the results of his attitude, and I don't believe he will find any cause for comfort in the state of affairs which he has brought about.

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The death of the Hon. Thomas White recalls what I was saying a few weeks ago regarding the attitude of newspapers towards those of their own craft who have succeeded in mounting the ladder of fame a little higher than the majority of their brethren. No politician was more soundly berated by the Liberal newspapers than Tom White, and his praises were often but feebly sounded by the journals of his own political faith. Now he is dead it has been discovered by all the newspapers alike that he was a good-fellow, of unblemished life and unusual talent. Certain it is that he had wonderful industry, great tenacity of purpose, and attainments which entitled him to much more kindness from his brethren while he was alive. It is not worth much to a man who has been abused all his life to know that people will speak kindly of him after he is dead. I believe if more good things were said about public men they would strive more to deserve them. Many an honest man has been driven to villainy by abuse. Continual misconstruction of one's motives and abuse of one's conduct is certain to make a man think that he might as well be dishonest as have the reputation his opponents insist on giving him. Thomas White was an able man, thoroughly deserving all the success he had attained, and Sir John's ministry loses one of its hardest workers and most acceptable platform speakers.

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Prof. Goldwin Smith, at the St. George's society banquet in New York, made a strong political speech, and it seems to me that in a community like New York it was unwise and in questionable taste. The fact that Chauncey Depew, one of the best after-dinner speakers in the United States, felt it his duty to repudiate the sentiments is in itself proof that every man present, who did not share the opinions uttered by Goldwin Smith, was made to feel uncomfortable and out of place, and proves the expressions to have been ill-timed, even if for the sake of argument they are admitted to be correct. That sort of thing does not foster the growing good feeling which, if let alone, would soon unite America and Great Britain by sentimental ties ten-fold stronger and more enduring than treaties and conventions.

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At the St. George's society dinner here Col. G. T. Denison availed himself of the opportunity of making himself absurd by delivering one of his warlike speeches. No amount of ridicule is sufficient to hold him back when once the warlike impulse seizes upon him. I begin to suspect that he rather likes to be laughed at, for even when the papers which in a moderate degree share his own sentiments point out the absurdity of his posturing, he smiles contentedly and feels that he has won another victory for the old flag. While we all admire loyalty and patriotism, and are as proud as he of English forefathers, it is utterly wearisome, as I remarked once before, to hear such deadly rubbish talked in such deadly earnest.

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It is pleasing to see the faith in mankind displayed by the clerical brethren of the preacher who recently left the city under a cloud of very formidable suspicions. Last Sunday night the matter was referred to in several of the Methodist churches, and the ministers declared the belief that their brother, though he may have acted foolishly, had not been criminal. They are much better able to judge of the man than the majority of those who are criticising him. If those who have been associated with Mr. Longley for years have found no reason for suspecting him, the public should be slow to believe the stories circulated about him, alleging frequent and conscienceless immorality. When a man is under a cloud, the wildest stories are apt to be told and believed.

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In one point, however, the clerical defence of Mr. Longley is weak and misleading. It is said in palliation of his conduct that while he was foolish he had not been criminal. Now sin is a mental, not a physical thing. The Master when He was on earth, in the Sermon on the Mount referred to this, teaching us that the offence which has been alleged against Mr. Longley could be committed in the heart. I remember reading one of the earliest versions of the gospels which has been discovered, where Christ addressing the multitude who were about to stone the woman said, "He who is without *the* sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," the evident meaning of this interpretation being that those innocent of the actual sin or not guilty, in the broad sense Christ referred in His Sermon on the Mount, should be the first to inflict the punishment, and that the mob felt self-convicted is proven by the fact that they all slunk away and the Master looking about said, "Where are these thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" And the guilty one said, "No man, Lord." And Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

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Without seeking to put as broad an interpretation upon the Scripture as the old translation would allow, there is a lesson there which teaches us to be more lenient than society now is with those who have committed the great social sin. It astounds me, however, to find clergymen and others so careful to draw the line at the act rather than the thought. I have seen so many men with murder in their hearts whose cowardice alone prevented them from crime that I have learned to prefer the man with bravery enough to do the deed rather than nurse the passion. Though we must esteem those who have sufficient self-control to restrain them from the crime which arises from a momentary impulse or a sudden and blind passion, it should not extend to others whose inclinations are kept in check only by their fear. Would it not be well for preachers to more frequently deal with the diseased state of the mind which causes crime rather than with crime itself? So many people forget that sin is a thing of the heart and congratulate themselves because they have restrained themselves from the actual committal of wrong acts that it would be edifying for them to go into self-examination, and after inwardly gazing at the sin-darkened record of their thoughts, they would be more charitable in judging the conduct of others, to whom, in some weak moment, temptation and opportunity came, when, passion-stricken, they were unable to resist it. By this sort of thing I do not intend to convey the idea that such should be held blameless, but that society should not hold them guilty of an unpardonable sin. As in the case in point, those who forget the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," are sure to fall, so those who cherish their temptation are certain to find opportunity. As those who fall must be held accountable for their actions, so those who have not fallen must remember that there is no proved virtue except that which has withstood both opportunity and temptation. To the pure-minded, temptation never comes; to the discreet opportunity never offers; but with the impure the tempter is always present and the foolish fall because, while dallying with temptation, they heed not that suspicion is sure to mark those who seem to wait for opportunity and that there is but little human faith strong enough to believe that weakness and passion can pass through it without sin. Therefore, even if the most charitable view is taken of those who have persisted in compromising themselves and their families and bringing scandal upon those whose honor should be as dear to them as their own, their offence falls but little short of actual criminality.

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No more startling evidence of the looseness with which business is done at the City Hall could be quoted than the loss of the bridge contract which, after diligent search, was found—with an interpolation of which the Council appears to have been ignorant. It is certainly time for this sort of thing to stop, and if the investigations which have been undertaken are of no other use than to reveal the weakness of the system of the past the money has been well spent. Contracts have been awarded and carried out as carelessly as if it were a pleasure for people to pay taxes and the city were rich enough to afford to be wasteful. There was much complaint at the beginning that the Mayor and Council had been endeavoring to create trouble for the aldermen and contractors who so long managed business at the City Hall. The disorganized state of affairs shows how necessary it is for new men, whether in the Council or the Mayor's chair, to seize hold of their duties with a strong hand and not be governed by the conventions which have so made waste and dishonesty not only possible but continuous.

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The traveling public will be delighted to know that the city has at last effected an agreement between the railways whereby a union depot is almost a settled fact. Toronto has always been a favorite spot for tourists, and the conveniences travelers find here—whether in changing from one line of railway to another, the hotel accommodation, the regulation of the hackmen and those whose business it is to entertain and protect strangers—will have much to do with making this city a favorite resort for those who come from the south to spend the summer or to see the beauties of a Canadian winter. Nothing can be more disagreeable or disheartening than the hurried rushing from one depot to another. The loss of time, the expenditure of money and the general aggravation of that sort of thing will mark any city as a good place to be avoided. It is to be hoped the union depot will be worthy of this great and growing city and of the immense amount of traffic it will have to accommodate. The present dusty, dangerous and disagreeable place is not a quarter large enough. A handsome depot is not only an ornament to a city, but it is an advertisement which will do much to make an impression upon visitors.

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Talking about the size and prospects of Toronto, this spring—as every other spring the city has known—has brought forth its brood of croakers who are insisting that property is too high, and that there must be a relapse. Attention is frequently called to the pages of advertisements in the evening papers of lots for sale. One man told me the other day he believed the half of Toronto was in the hands of real estate agents. No doubt there is a great deal of property being offered, but much of it is owned by men who, while they may be willing to sell, are not anxious, and those who enquire into prices will be surprised to find that nothing is being put in the market at less than cost, nor is there any sign of weakening in values. I looked the other day through over twenty columns of advertisements of houses and lots for sale, and in the whole batch I did not find a dozen residences or sightly lots on the leading resident streets. Nearly all the property which is changing hands is of the poorer sort, and it is being rapidly bought up by workingmen who are anxious to have homes of their own and find their employments sufficiently profitable to make them hope that within a few years they can have a nest of their own paid for and made comfortable. The fact is that no property in central or business localities is being offered except at strong and advancing prices.

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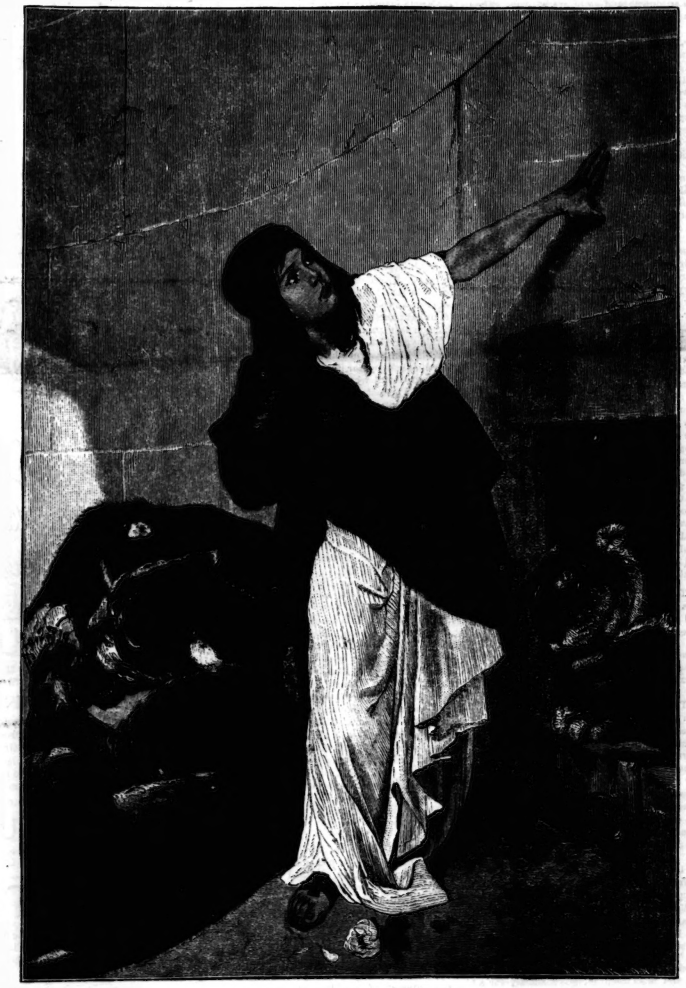
After next week the sketches and comments which have appeared on this page, and which I hope have been interesting to my readers, will be replaced for a couple of months by letters descriptive of a trip I expect to take to the Old Country. I hope to make them much more readable than the fragments which I have given you from week to week. I am about to make my first voyage across the sea, and everything will be new and strange to me. I do not propose to inflict upon you any hackneyed descriptions or labored attempts to portray the vastness of the ocean or the wonders of Westminster Abbey. My chief aim will be to interest and amuse and I think I will be afforded sufficient opportunity by my fellow-passengers and the people I will meet. The incidents of a two months' trip will be faithfully described, concealing and exaggerating nothing, but striving to give pen-pictures of the fun and misery which I expect will make up the log-book of the sea-sick sailor and open-mouthed traveler. I am going to see the Derby and take in the sights of London, Paris and Berlin, and as far as my faulty pen will permit, will endeavor to show you everything I see myself. The whole thing may be a dismal failure, but I am going to try it. If the stuff I send home is not interesting there will be the consolation that I am too far away to be pelted with cabbages or to be informed by some candid friend that it is a lot of rubbish.

DON.



THE LAST GREETING.

The Last Greeting.

The frontispiece this week—The Last Greeting—by Gabriel Max, is a picture of rare merit. The story briefly told is that of a young woman who during the persecution of the early Christians, was placed in a cell to which the lions are being admitted, upheld by the lofty courage which sustained those who perished for the truth's sake. The last awful moment has come and the fearful beasts which are about to destroy her approach. Her lover, unforgetful, has dropped through the grating above a flower. It is the last greeting.

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The past week has been signalized by so little gaiety of an important character, that it may have been said to be almost dull, I mean in a social sense. Monday night saw much of fashion at the theatre, but such people were brought there rather out of compliment to the manager, than on account of any special attraction in the play itself. This week at any rate the Art Fair, or rather preparations for that event, has been a positive boom to those who are preparing. Work first and play afterwards has been the rule at the various rehearsals and practices; the play was of the kind which people love best, and the work has never been disagreeable. Professor Davis of the terpsichorean art has been called to the aid of the directresses both of the May masque and of the minuet. It was felt that a voice of more decision and power than a lady usually possesses was necessary to procure the discipline and attention to directions without which neither show could ever be brought to perfection. Frolickers in the masque have met twice during the week at the art rooms on King street west, while the hospitality of Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Vernon's co-adjutor in the minuet, has twice brought the steppers of the stately measure to Bloor street, and enabled them to make their rehearsal an enjoyable evening party.

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On Thursday of last week Mr. Justice Osler and Mrs. Osler gave a large dance at their house on Avenue street. This, alas! one of the closing *fetes* of the winter, was in every respect worthy of the many delightful parties that have preceded it. A large double drawing room downstairs made an excellent ballroom. Great pains had unmistakably been spent on the floor, and the result was an excellence like that of so many dancing floors in the past months. Mrs. Osler's house is large and the most had been made of its natural advantages. A broad verandah on two sides of the house had been boarded in and hung with lanterns and curtains, carpeted with rugs, and provided with sofas and chairs in numbers, it made a delightfully cool and spacious retreat, and was largely appreciated. On the right hand side of the hall and opposite the dancing-room were drawing-rooms in which there was plenty of space for those not actually dancing, while broad staircases, halls, and sitting-rooms upstairs offered many a cosy resting-place. Corlett's band maintained the high standard of excellence to which, after certain faults at the beginning of the season had been remedied, it attained. A good floor, good music, little overcrowding, and the right people, these are the requisites for success at a ball.

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At Mrs. Osler's they were all attended to, and success was complete. Amongst others, the occasion was graced by Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, the latter in a charming frock of black and silver, Mr. and Mrs. Milford Boulton, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton, in a beautiful gown of brown silk and tulle, Miss Ince, Mr. Ince, the Misses Osler, Miss Campbell, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Robertson of Hamilton, Mr. Vaneck of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Spratt, Mr. William Spratt, Mr. Cronyn, the Misses Yarker, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Eden Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Captains Sears and Macdougall, Miss Dawson, the Misses Shanly, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Fox, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Small, Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. Hume Blake, Mr. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Miss Brough.

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The last scene of the sparkling comedy seems to have been played and the curtain has apparently been rung down on a winter as brilliant as any of the present generation at all events can remember. But though after Mrs. Osler's dance last week, the curtain did seem to fall, and as they said good night people exchanged regrets, talked of the end of fun, said there were no more dances to be looked forward to, spoke of the pleasant time that was over—why should all this be so? The wind lingers in the north, and though the lengthening days tell us that there is change, yet summer seems still very far away. The sports which summer brings cannot yet awhile be inaugurated, and it will be many weeks ere the exodus to other towns, provinces and countries strips Toronto of much of its fairness and much of its gallantry. The curtain may have fallen but the audience are still in their places, and surely plaudits so loud and shouts of *encore* so unanimous, will bring it up again. The comedy throughout has sparkled, its first act was so full of incident and so long that towards its close the actors and audience were well-night exhausted. But then came a long wait, an *entr'acte* of forty days during which all were refreshed, so slowly did it wane that before the curtain rose again the cigarette and even the gossip between the acts had lost their charm; the second act was awaited eagerly, even impatiently, and was greeted with a shout. It proved itself worthy of that shout. Its quality was of the best but its quantity woefully small. Its course had not been even long enough to get us into the swing (the mixture of metaphor must be pardoned) when down comes the unwelcome curtain long before we expect or want it. I have a proposal to make to hostesses and would-be hostesses, especially to any lady who may be intending to give a dance next winter. If the season of 1888-9 is at all like that of 1887-8, a ball or two from the time when it is at its height can well be spared. Besides who can tell what will have happened nine months hence. There is no time like the present, and this precept especially holds good now. The audience hungers for more and declines to leave the scene of its pleasures. Gratify them, kind lady, their praise and their applause will be unstinted.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson gave two dinner parties this week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Dobell, who have lately returned from England, and who are making a short visit to Chestnut Park. On Tuesday many people were bidden to an afternoon At Home at the same hospitable mansion. Lady Macpherson has given many entertainments of all kinds this winter. Confident that they will enjoy themselves, those whom she invites do not lightly disregard her invitations. On Tuesday just enough people, but not too many, had been bidden, and Lady Macpherson added another success to the many that are past.

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The craze for riding which fashionable people developed last autumn seems to continued this spring. Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Merritt, Miss Small, the Misses Yarker, Mrs. Spragge, almost daily witch the inhabitants of the suburbs by their grace in the saddle. When the weather becomes warmer many other ladies will, I hear, follow suit, and riding parties will be a feature of every Saturday afternoon.

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Society will be in a *furore* during the two nights and day that the Governor-General, Lady Lansdowne and suite are with us. The programme of their movements has been already published. They are here as public guests, and we will not have a chance to entertain them privately, gladly as some would do it. The invitations have been out for some time for the dinner which is to be given at Government House to a large number of guests to meet their Excellencies. As the suite are expected to open the art exhibition on the same evening, the guests are warned of the fact on the invitation, so that they may retire early and not detain the party.

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The marriage of Miss Edith McVity, daughter of G. H. G. McVity, Esq., of Port Hope, to Mr. R. C. Kirkpatrick of the Merchants' Bank of this city, is announced for Wednesday, May 9th, at St. Simon's church.

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Judge O'Reilly of Hamilton, and his daughter, Mrs. Gregory, are staying a few days with Mrs. Patriarche, 196 Simcoe street, where Mrs. Gregory's daughter has resided during the past winter whilst attending lectures at Trinity college.

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The Toronto Press club gave a most pleasant At Home on Saturday evening to the lady friends of the members of the club. As this is the first occasion on which the more charming sex has appeared within the portals of the club-house no effort was spared by the chivalry of the Fourth Estate to make the *night* a red letter *day* in the history of the club. Dancing was on the cards during the greater part of the evening, pleasantly relieved by the vocal and histrionic efforts of Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson and Miss A. Ramsay, a clever elocutionist, which proved an excellent foil to the pleasures of the dance. The softened frou-frou of gown and frock and the low ripple of womanly laughter was heard in the billiard-room, and the unwonted spectacle of pretty women attempting impossible shots on the losing hazard was witnessed for the first time within the memory of the club.

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Mr. Torrington most kindly did yeoman service as accompanist, and Mr. J. F. Thomson proved a powerful auxiliary to the enjoyment of the evening.

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Before midnight the guests had all departed, and the first At Home of the Toronto Press club was an event of the past.

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On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Carden gave a most enjoyable dinner party at their residence, Rowan Wood. Amongst some of the assembled guests were noticed Captain and Mrs. Allan, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ince, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses King-Dodds, Rev. Mr. Bilkey and Mrs. Bilkey, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Berkeley-Smith, Mr. Stephen Jarvis, etc. It is to be regretted that Toronto will so soon lose such a charming hostess as Mrs. Carden, but the death of Sir Robert Carden occasions the return of the family to England.

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Mr. David Walker and the Misses Walker have arrived in town again from California, where they went after the death of the late Mrs. Walker, to recover from the mental and physical strain which her trying and tedious illness had caused them. They all look very much benefited by the change.

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Mrs. Henry John Boulton of 107 St. Vincent street, and Miss Boulton, leave shortly for a summer's sojourn in England. Mr. and Miss Hodgins go on the same steamer.

*

Mrs. Edward Browne gave a tea in honor of her guest, Miss Strickland of Lakefield, last Tuesday, at the residence of Mrs. Gordon Browne, 119 St. George street. I arrived on the scene rather late, but I noticed the Misses Shanley, Miss Tully, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Miss Madeline Spratt, Miss Broughall, Mrs. Scarth, the Misses Todd, the Misses Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton.

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By some reporter's mistake the names of the Misses Beatty of the Queen's Park were connected with an accident caused by a runaway horse last week in town. We have much satisfaction and pleasure in correcting the assertion of most of the daily papers, as the Misses Beatty were not driving the runaway horse, nor did it even belong to them.

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During the past week three prominent Canadians have passed away, who are known to society here and elsewhere. First and foremost the death of the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, leaves an irremediable vacancy in the state. It was a blow to the country at large as well as to society where he was a polished and favorite ornament. Mr. James Crowther, sr., died at his residence, corner of Jarvis and Gloucester streets on Saturday, and his death will throw a great number into mourning. It will close his daughter's, Mrs. George Ryerson, and his son's houses for some time. Mr. James Crowther, jr., is lying prostrated with the shock of his father's death at his residence, Bloor street west, and is in quite a critical condition.

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The sad end of Mrs. Whitcombe, wife of the Rev. Chas. F. Whitcombe, who, while temporarily insane, committed suicide by drowning herself on the beach near Hamilton, brings sorrow and sympathy to the hearts of many friends of the deceased here, for her surviving husband, Mr. Whitcombe was assistant curate under the Rev. Mr. Langtry at St. Luke's church for three years, and while in that position won the confidence and esteem of the large congregation by whom he was beloved. During his administration he was, as chaplain of the Royal Grenadiers, called away to the Northwest rebellion, and there won love and fellowship from the officers and men. The death of several children in a very short time left Mr. and Mrs. Whitcombe childless, and it is supposed that under this, continued with other severe mental strains, the poor mother's mind gave way, and in this state she took her life. Her husband's absence on a short visit to friends here is a sad circumstance in this already grievously sorrowful case.

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A correspondent in London, England, who "ought to know," has supplied me with some hints of what is the correct thing in dress this spring. SATURDAY NIGHT, and many other papers, give plenty of excellent information on this subject to the fair sex, and supply them with the latest things from London, Paris and New York, but as regards the fashions of masculine attire, silence is generally kept. Taylors' and gentlemen's furnishing establishments in Toronto are invariably at least a year behind the times, and their customers, since they have little means of finding out what changes fashion has made, have generally to be satisfied with their direction.

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To begin with overcoats: In town the most fashionable coats are made of dark blue melton cloth, very loose and sack-like in the back, reaching not lower than the knees, and generally with raised seams and very broad velvet collars. In the evening over dress clothes, short Inverness coats of soft black stuff, the cape very deep and lined with black silk, and the coat sleeveless. Covert coats, except at their original place, the covert side, are rarely seen now. Frock coats are once more very popular in town, they are made of that fluffy black cloth and their collars are faced with silk. Suits of light grey stuffs were much worn even in London last summer, and will be fashionable this year also. In the heat of July and August last trousers of white duck were a rather startling but popular innovation in the park, but it is doubtful whether they will reappear this year. The fact that you cannot sit down in them without ruining their after appearance is against them. Trousers are still worn very loose, although not actually baggy; cloths of striped stuff are the present fashion. In waistcoats an old fashion has again come in, as they are often made double-breasted, while many people wear short black coats, also double-breasted. The smart thing is to have a narrow band of white silk running round the collar of the waistcoat inside, thus setting off a dark tie very well. Ties are generally of foulard washing silk, and are tied in a knot rather trenchy, the pin being put in low down and not where the folds join. Waistcoats are still cut pretty open in front, but not too much so. Boots are, as usual, of patent leather, with toes rather pointed. Spats are not much worn now in winter, but white ones with patent leather boots are as much a *sine qua non* in summer as ever. Sticks are quite plain with little or no silver about them. Cherry, hazel and ash, are the most fashionable; Malacca canes have disappeared. Gloves of *swede* or reindeer skin, a light fawn color in summer, buff in winter, but lavender kid with black stitching are also to be seen in summer. Hats of all kinds have very narrow brims, and high hats are as a rule nearly if not quite straight on the crown. With regard to flannels, suits of striped materials are very much worn for tennis and on the river, but at cricket white is as ever the rule. Riding breeches are still worn very loose above the knee.

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It cannot be often that Mr. W. J. Scanlan and his company have the pleasure of playing to such a brilliant audience as filled boxes and orchestra chairs at the Grand Opera House on Monday. I will leave what I might say of the play and of the players unsaid, and speak only of the occasion which brought together so fashionable a house, and of the personnel of that house. It has been generally admitted that in former years the management of the Grand has left very much to be desired. It was surely not to the interest of the theater that many amongst its best patrons were not always treated with courtesy and civility, and that ridiculous and arbitrary rules interfered with their comfort. This year all that has been changed. Mr. Sheppard has shown a wise regard for his own interest, and has made his theater popular with them, by showing a special regard and attention to those patrons, for instance, who are most often to be seen in the boxes. Rules which seemed to have been made expressly for the annoyance of this class of theater-goer have been once more abandoned, and the best available traveling talent has been procured throughout the season. On Monday two constant boxholders and givers of theater-parties throughout the season, had secured all the boxes for their friends. Captain Geddes on one side of the stage and Mr. Harry Gamble on the other. Amongst their guests I noticed Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mrs. Cattenach, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Miss Boulton, etc.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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About Women.

And now there is another romance in real life. A daughter of Sir William Gull, the noted London physician, is to marry young Dr. Theodore Acland. When Sir William was taken ill at Pitlochrie, some months ago, Dr. Acland was selected to be medical attendant. At the bedside of the distinguished patient the devoted daughter and the promising young M. D. found so many opportunities of studying each other's character that the result was almost inevitable. The marriage is announced to take place shortly.

> "Love, like death,
> Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
> Beside the sceptre."

Small velvet *toquets*, crowned with ostrich tips, and in harmony with the rest of the costume, are worn by young married ladies for full dress. Of course, under this, the hair is piled high on the head. Wings set high in front are worn by young girls.

To any who may have to disinter last year's high-tinted nun's veilings, let me recommend common wheat-flour for cleansing purposes. Begin with a cupful of dry flour; you can add to this quantity as necessary. Take such portions of your dress as may be most soiled, dip into the dry flour and rub between the hands. Be sure your dress is not damp. This is an excellent plan for cleaning all pale-colored woolen fabrics, as well as the finer varieties of lace. I have seen a dress of cream nun's veiling restored from a condition of extreme dinginess to almost pristine freshness. After rubbing thoroughly, hang the article on the line and brush hard with a clean corn-broom or brush until entirely free from flour.

Parisian milliners have introduced novel devices in the way of vests and berthas of artificial ferns, tinted foliage, mosses and flowers. The vests will be greatly worn at garden parties. An acquaintance, whose complexion is all that could be desired, but whose thinness precludes decollete dresses, has, by the aid of this novelty turned a grim necessity into a charming virtue. She has had a black tulle dress made for evening wear. A pointed vest of fragile ferns, and new green leaves, with a trembling dewdrop here and there, adorns the bodice. There are no sleeves but epaulettes of ferns fringe the arm holes. The accompaniments of this costume are silver ornaments, long black silk gloves and a fan of green gauze and silver which looks very much as if it were the discarded wing of a fairy picked up along with the ferns in some deep mossy dell, where

> They throng the moonlight glade
> Above, below, on every side,
> Their little mimic forms arrayed
> In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride.

The combination of green and black is almost all prevailing. It requires, however, excellent taste and judgment to decide the exact quantity of each to look well in combination, and the materials as well as the complexion which will bear the crucial test of proximity.

An eye without lashes is as unattractive as a pool of water unsurrounded by verdure. One may be quite as useful as the other, but they are equally deficient in charm. Edge the one with trees and grasses, and the other with a long and thick growth of eyelash, and you give at once an appearance of profundity which is in both cases wholly alluring. No medium for stimulating the growth of eyelashes is so entirely safe as pure olive oil. The whole eyelid should be anointed with this every night, as over-dryness is often the cause of falling lashes or sterility in this respect.

A strong lotion for promoting the growth of the hair is made as follows: 2 oz. tincture of cantharides, 4 oz. of rum, ½ oz. oil of rosemary and 11 drops of the oil of nutmeg. Shake well before using.

Foulard silks are to be very much worn. Here is a pretty idea: A gown of foulard, with design of brown and gold pansies, over a brown velvet skirt. The latter is quite plain. The back drapery is waterfall. In front a vest of brown velvet descends to the belt; the drapery, which is long and rounded, being gracefully looped at the sides, is smocked about the depth of a belt at the middle waist just below where the vest ends; here the drapery divides and is carried in loose folds on each side of the vest to the shoulders where it is smocked into the seams. All the smocking is in gold thread. Brown velvet sleeves with long puffs of foulard complete the costume. Another style has a polonaise of gobelin blue cashmere draped over a petticoat of the same shade of moire antique. The skirt has a simple bordering in Greek scroll of mixed black and gold braid. The peculiarity of the polonaise is that one half of the front (the portion which runs from the waist into the drapery) is of cashmere, fastening from the left shoulder to the waist below the right arm, whilst the remaining and under half is of moire antique. The drapery, which is looped high on the right side, reveals that half of the skirt. The entire costume is bordered with the braid trimming before mentioned, with excellent effect.

However scant the draperies or trimmings on skirts may be the bodice must be elaborately adorned. Then there are innumerable designs in the way of jerseys. Norfolk bodices with belt and buckle; jerseys with vests and with yokes, and some which are smocked half way down the figure. Another variety has a perfectly tight-fitting back with loose fronts.

Parasols are of large and sensible styles. Some have sticks matching the silk covering in color. Those of transparent materials are reserved for dressy occasions.

There is quite a revolution in the style of ladies' underwear. The fashionable petticoats of hair-cord stripes or self colored material, with a trimming of embroidery in the same tints, may be seen in many of the King and Yonge street shops. Particularly dainty people with very long purses have petticoats of pale tinted silk, but this extravagance is not likely to become popular with people of taste and common sense.

NUOVA AULA.

Trinity Talk.

As usual the approach of the cricket season brings the old roller out. "In the gloaming" every evening the procession of energetic cricketers sets out, and, as in days gone by, the old chariot is rolled diligently along. The keen north-westerly breezes which have of late prevailed are anything out propitious or send a helping hand to the above laudable efforts to get the crease in good order for the first home match of the season. Moreover, rain is rather badly wanted to give the young grass a good start. However, I expect that before many days, if the proverbial April showers do not fail us, the lawn will assume a more healthy appearance.

I hear that there is some likelihood of the provost's lawn being offered for the use of the tennis club, so that the tennis enthusiasts will have two courts this year to indulge in the game which is "after their own hearts."

This season's ordinations will be on the following dates:—Niagara, May 22, at Hamilton; Toronto, second week in June probably; Ontario, May 12, St. Paul's, Brockville. Several Trinity men, having completed their divinity course, will receive deacon's orders and enter on their respective duties in one or other of these dioceses.

It is hoped that some twelve or fourteen will thus be bidding farewell to their lives as laymen this term, so that by Convocation time old Trinity will appear more ecclesiastical than ever.

This will be one of the largest ordination classes which ever left Trinity.

At the annual meeting of the baseball club, Rev. Prof. Boys, president, occupied the chair, there being a large and enthusiastic attendance. The following officers were elected for the season 1888-9: President, Rev. Prof. Boys; 1st vice-president, C. H. Shutt, B. A.; 2nd vice-president, E. C. Cayley, B. A.; secretary, P. S. Lampman; committee of management, J. S. Broughall, B. A., G. E. Powell, D. R. C. Martin; Treasurer, P. S. Lampman.

The first game of the season, an exhibition game between the rival Browns and Maroons, took place on Friday, and was witnessed by a large crowd of admiring spectators. After some brilliant exhibitions by both nines, the game resulted in a victory for the Browns, who, however, found their work quite cut out for them. The usual number of stagnant errors which distinguish the opening game of the season was of course quite a feature.

The mathematical left-hand pitcher was on deck and was in more than his usual form. He tells me that his parabolic left-hand in-curves were especially fatal—though the marvel of agility who acted as catcher found great difficulty in gathering them in.

The left-hand pitcher will pitch no more; fatal as he is I hear that he does not prove fatal enough for the Browns—this is the first time on record that mathematics has failed as a conclusive proof.

Father Beamish has quite fulfilled the most sanguine expectations—it is refreshing to watch his fairy-like steps as he hunts the leather.

I was glad to see Mr. T. Usborne,'89, in college again, and hope that his troubles are over at last.

Mr. T. C. Swallow, '88 (chapel organist), has been absent through ill-health hitherto this term. Mr. H. P. Lowe, '89, has proved a most satisfactory substitute, and with practice will ably succeed Mr. Swallow next year.

Speaking of the chapel it seems to me that our Sunday services are far from perfection; it seems a great pity, and is often quite a disappointment to visitors. When matins are entirely choral a far higher standard of choir-singing should be insisted on, and, as far as possible, perfect discipline enforced upon the choir-boys. Altogether one cannot but notice a great want of finish and nicety about the matins service, and that, moreover, in a university chapel.

I fully believe that the gentleman who has charge of the musical arrangement in these services exerts himself to the utmost, and, so far as personal effort is concerned, does a good deal towards keeping the whole of the musical parts of the service in going order. However, I feel that all will agree with me in the assertion that much is left undone that ought to be done in the rendering both of matins and evensong on Sundays.

I hear that Rev. C. E. Whitcombe was up at college at the very time that, so completely unknown to him, the awfully tragic event occurred which has annihilated his domestic happiness. Great sorrow is expressed for him by everyone here who knew Mr. or Mrs. Whitcombe.

Rev. Prof. Clarke assisted at the funeral services at Hamilton on Sunday last.

On the same day the Dean (Prof. Jones) preached at St. John's, Toronto.

Rev. Provost Body will preach the sermon at the ordination service at St. Paul's church, Brockville, on May 12th.

Gretry, to animate himself when composing, breakfasted and took coffee, and then applied himself day and night to his piano.

H. A. Bowden expects to take charge of the parish of Norval and Stewartown, in the Diocese of Niagara, immediately after his ordination in May.

On the University notice-board I read the list of subjects, dates, etc., upon which the examination for reading prizes in the Divinity class takes place. The subjects are as follows: (1), Reading the Liturgy; (2), Delivery of sermon; (3), Reading seen and unseen passages from standard authors. There should be a good competition for the above, and doubtless many embryo clerics will demonstrate their elocutionary powers before the Faculty of Divinity, the members of which are, I believe, the judges.

C. A. Temple, '90, who has just passed his first year at Trinity medical school is at present taking his first year in Arts and attending lectures here.

Several students lost their (Lent) term through failing to attend the requisite seventy-five per cent. of lectures. It is believed, however, that having had satisfactory reasons for their inability to appear at the same, and upon proper representation to this effect to the authorities, the term will be allowed.

OMEGA.

THE ANGEL-MAKER.

The Angel-Maker.

The picture on this page, the title of which, translated from the German, is The Angel-Maker, tells its own plaintive story. It is illustrative of a class of small baby farms where children are placed, not for the purpose of being reared, but to be put to death by cruelty and neglect. The mother gazing at her frail child, shows in her saddened face that her maternal instincts are touched by the sight of her loveless offspring. It is not a pleasing thing to reflect that such places are numerous in Toronto, the attention of the police having been frequently called to the "angel-makers" who in little cottages on back streets take charge of infants whose parents do not desire them to live.

For Saturday Night.

A felon's face, but a boy's face still,
Gazing out thro' the bars of a prison cell;
The shadow of walls rising cold and strong;
The far-off sound of a city bell.

A steady, dark look of a hope long dead,
Fixed, idly enough, on the yard below,
Where a patch of sunshine has dropped to rest
And brighten the stones with its golden glow.

And across the bed of the sunshine's gold
It listlessly looks as a robin wings,
And lo! the face is the face of a child
As he starts and listens—the robin sings.

And singing, its song is of Freedom and Spring,
Of Joy, untouched by a fear or wrong,
And a marvellous echo of childhood's dreams
Creeps in and blends with the redbreast's song.

A memory of days when the world was wide,
When life was sunshine and crime unknown;
An echo of spring in the far-away past;
The laughter of youth—but—it ends with a moan.

A cloud has obscured the sunshine's gold,
The robin has flown at its mate's loud call,
The chimes have been lost with the memories old,
Leaving Shadow and Silence and Guarded Wall.

S. HUNTER.

Big Waves.

It is a very common phrase to speak of the waves as running mountain high during a storm, but this is only an exaggeration. Accurate measurements made by Scoresby proved that, during storms, waves in the Atlantic rarely exceed forty-three feet from hollow to crest, the distance between the crests being five hundred and sixty feet, and their speed thirty-two and one-half miles an hour. More recent observations in the Atlantic give from forty-four feet to forty-eight feet as the highest measured waves, but such heights are rarely reached, and, indeed, waves exceeding thirty feet are very seldom encountered.

The monsoon waves at Kurrachee breakwater works were found to dash over the wall to the depth of eighteen feet, or about forty feet above mean sea level.

The greatest heights of waves on the British coast were those observed in Wick Bay—so famous for the exceptionally heavy seas which roll into it—being thirty-seven and one-half to forty feet. Green seas to the depth of twenty-five feet poured over the parapet of the breakwater at intervals of from seven to ten minutes, each wave, it was estimated, being a mass of forty thousand tons of water, and this continuously for three days and nights.

The iron pile lighthouse erected on the Bishop Rock was carried away by unbroken seas striking the dwelling, the floor of which was eighty-five feet above high water. A tower of granite was subsequently erected on the Bishop, and in 1860 the waves carried away the fog-bell, weighing three hundred-weight, at an elevation of one hundred feet above the sea. In the Shetland Islands blocks of stone have been quarried at the height of seventy to seventy-five feet above the mean sea-level.

But these instances of the action of the waves during storms sink into insignificance when it is mentioned that blocks of concrete, weighing as much as twenty-six hundred pounds, were carried away by the repeated assaults of the wild rollers of Wick Bay.

The depth to which wave action extends has been differently estimated, but it varies from seventy to one hundred feet, as shell-fish which are known only to live at these depths are thrown upon the shore during heavy gales, and it has been ascertained that shingle is moved in a depth of fifty feet.

For all practical purposes, however, so far as harbor works are concerned, it is found that there is little movement of materials under eighteen or twenty feet below the water, the foundations of breakwaters hitherto constructed not having been disturbed below these levels.

'Neath the Mask.

We seem to those who see us meet
The careless friends of yesterday;
They cannot tell that when we greet
The long and years seem passed away;
They do not know that in our gaze
Sweet visions of the past arise;
They cannot mark the stealthy ways
Of communing our heart's devise.

They do not guess that in the past
Dear love-lit hours were mine and thine;
Our vanished dream, too sweet to last,
Is not revealed by word or sign;
The swiftest glance you give to me
Is fraught with meaning hidden well;
The lightest word I breathe to thee
Disguises love I dare not tell.

But though in crowds we stand apart,
With eyes averted, hands impassed,
My heart still seeks and finds thy heart,
And love, tho' masked, is manifest;
The smothered sigh, the heart's quick thrill,
The passionate pain when each is nigh,
Reveals a love time cannot kill,
For we love still dear—you and I.

Was it Mind-reading?

Bagley—Bailey, do you know that Gigley is a mind reader?

Bailey—No. Is he?

Bagley—Yes, indeed. He quite surprised me this morning. I wanted a loan of five dollars and so I stepped up to him and said, "Gigley, my dear boy, it's a long time since I saw you. How is your health?" I hadn't said a word about the five dollars, but all Gigley said was that he was sorry, but he hadn't got it, and he left me with a bow.

Bailey—Wonderful!

THIRD PART OF THE THREE-PART STORY.

Nelly Nettlefold's Lovers.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Jenny was sitting in the twilight, her pale hands folded on her lap, her patient face so fair and pensive in its delicate loveliness!

She thought it was Amos coming towards her in the dark, and said:

"Dearest, I thought you would never come; the time has seemed so long!"

Jack felt a lump rise in his throat at the sound of that well-loved voice, and he bowed his bonnie head as he approached.

"It is I, Jennie. Have you no word of welcome for me?"

"You, John Merrick, come, after all these years, to see how a woman can bear a broken heart! But I wrong you. It was right that you should leave me!—I was no longer fit to be your wife; but it was cruel to wrench apart so suddenly the bondage of years of love."

Jack bent over her, his dark eyes glowing with love.

Suddenly he put his arm about her, and sank down, his head upon her knee.

"Jenny, if I had not made such a cruel wrench, I could not have left you; but I went without my heart, darling, and I see thing differently now. I've come to ask you to renew the old tie, to forgive and forget the past, and let us be as we used to be.

"Ah, Dr. Black has told you of the hope he has of my recovery; he says if I go to Germany for a year they will cure me. But it is but a hope, Jack—a hope so vague and unreliable that I have not dared to think about it or tell you, for fear it shall end in disappointment. If I am ever well again I will remember what you have asked to-night, and if you still wish it, grant your request."

"If I still wish it! Oh, Jenny darling, give yourself to me now! here is a chance of proving my love a gift worth giving. Let me take you away and help you through the ordeal, and comfort you if it fails, and rejoice with you if it succeeds. I love you dearer than ever, darling; my love has so long been confined within myself, now it has broken bonds, it will carry all before it. Say you will marry me, or tell me my cruelty has killed your dear love."

Jenny tried to steel her heart against this new joy, but she could not, so she nestled into his arms and said sweetly:

"I leave it for Amos to decide; he would not let me wrong you even to win happiness. I wonder where Amos is? He promised to bring Nelly Nettlefold to see me to-day, and now 'tis almost night and they have not come."

Jack's voice shook as in tender, considerate words he told her of her brother's accident. He made light of it to her, but she was dreadfully upset till Jack promised to take her the next day to the mill-house to see Amos.

"Has Amos said anything to you about Mary and Tom Gull, Jack?"

"No; what is there to tell?" he asked fiercely. "I warned Mary against that man months ago."

"I am afraid she did not listen, dear. 'Tis hard to be reasonable in such matters, you know, and Mary is young and thoughtless, and so pretty."

"Pretty be hanged! Women—ah! and men, too—make beauty an excuse for any folly. Don't trouble about my temper, darling; I'm always gentle to Mary, but I can't promise so much regarding Tom. He tells me Mary was nothing to him months ago, and 'tis said he is engaged to Mrs. Nettleford. Well, there must be a reckoning time for us all. Tell me now, dear heart, are you not the happier for my coming?"

"Yes, Jack, but you must not let your pity for me lead you into anything you may repent."

"My pity, darling! It has done little enough yet for either of us, but everything shall be different. Lay your hand in mine, love, and say, 'Jack, I give myself to you—do with my life as you will.'"

Jenny blushed rosy-red, and, putting her hand on his lips, said softly:

"Hush! you ask too much—you ask for more than you may know what to do with."

How long the lovers would have lingered over their reunion goodness knows, had not Susan brought in lights and tea.

She was greatly surprised to see Mr. Merrick there, but guessed his object in coming when she saw Jenny's bright face.

She heard the story of Amos' accident, but not a word of the serious illness threatened, and she said he had been sensible to get quickly to bed to avoid a chill.

It was quite late that night before Jack could tear himself away from his lady-love, grown, if possible, even more lovable and charming during the time of seclusion and sorrow, and his heart was light as he went homeward planning his future, which, come weal, come woe, was from that night dedicated to love alone.

CHAPTER VI.

The moon has raised her lamp above,
To light the way to thee, my love;
Her rays upon the water play,
To me eyes more bright than they
Are watching through the night.
I come, my heart's delight.

On hill and vale the moonbeams fall,
And spread their silver light on all;
But those bright eyes I soon shall see
Reserve this light for me;
Methinks they now invite,
I come, I come, my heart's delight!

A moonlit orchard leading down to the rushing stream, and waiting by the water side a slender shape, with pretty, eager, anxious eyes fixed on the flowing stream.

She was dressed in a light ulster and hat, and by her side lay a well-filled traveling-bag.

She was supposed to be sleeping in maiden serenity in her room, the key of which her brother, in an evil mood, held.

But love laughs at locksmiths, and where is there a woman that won't find her way to her lover?

Mary waited, her heart beating heavily. Presently she heard the muffled beat of oars, then a faint splash, and a boat showed clear on the moonlit waters.

A second later she was clasped in her lover's arms and sobbing out her trouble on his heart.

"Cheer up, my own, own love! We will soon get away from all our troubles, and be as happy as two youngsters out for a holiday. I've got a heart full of love, a pocket full of money, and a boat to row us right away to Bexley, where we can catch the mail for London. What more could you wish, my darling?"

"I could wish that you had not been obliged to keep up your deception about Mrs. Nettlefold till the last moment. I hope she will not be very miserable, Tom."

"Miserable! Not she. We had a fine row to-day about Amos Warden and some ridiculous joke she supposed I had played upon him. He will find me in anything but a joking humor when we meet again."

"He is here, Tom—in our house, ill with brain-fever."

"Are you sure he is not shamming to get out of the licking I owe him?"

"I am sure he is very ill."

"And I am sure you never looked so lovely as you do to-night."

"Where have you been, Tom?"

"Oh, nowhere particular. I was going to drive Madam Nettlefold out to dine, but she cut up rough and wouldn't go, which was a good thing, for I should have been on thorns to get to you."

"Why did you not break with her before, Tom?"

"Well, my darling, for one thing I had promised myself to her long before I loved you, and, besides that, I owed her a goodish bit of money; but I left word with my father to settle that, and promised to return a reformed character, thanks to the love and faith of a dear little wife! Now, my pet, we must be off! You left the letter for your brother?"

"Yes; and promised to send him my marriage certificate when I get one."

"That shall be your work to-morrow. Now give me your hand, darling, and step in quietly. We must row cautiously, the stream is so strong here."

"We'll go with the tide—that's one blessing. Oh, Tom, I do hope I am not doing very wrong! You will not think the worse of me for this?"

"Of course not, child. A man's greatest glory is a woman's trust, and you are only doing what thousands of loving souls have done before you. Cheer up, my queen! To-morrow by this time we shall be crossing the Channel. Then for a month in merry Paris with my bonnie bride. No more deception or distrust, no more jealous doubts or fears. You are my very own, my sweet wildrose, and I'll be true and tender to you for dear love's sake; and some day the wise folk who condemn us so now will own I make a model husband. I should like to kiss your lips, love. I fear they are quivering at the thought of all you leave for love and me; but every bride must leave the things of her youth behind when she goes to her husband and takes up the duties of wifehood. Cheer up, pet! A year hence you'll laugh at the sadness that keeps you silent now."

On—on they went, through the soft moonshine, and gradually the river widened and the stream became less rapid; then Tom took Mary's fearful face in his hands and kissed her tenderly, for he loved her as well as he could love, and honestly meant to make her happy; for, bad as he was, there was this one green spot in his arid nature, and on it blossomed his love for gentle Mary.

"If you please, ma'am, this letter was left for you by Dr. Gull's page-boy."

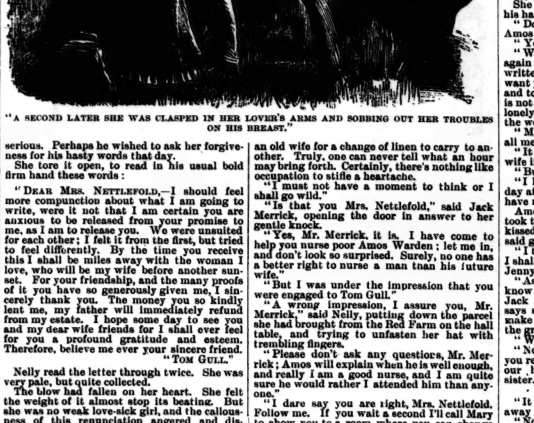
Nellie Nettlefold was sitting in her pretty sitting-room, sad and heart-sick; she had already repented of her anger against her lover.

After all she might have misjudged him, she thought; and his hot temper would never brook injustice.

She hoped he would return before the house closed, to ask her pardon, and be his own bright self.

She loved him dearly, but she could not disguise from herself there was something wanting in her lover. She could not bring herself to believe that it was love he lacked, though she had heard of his flirtation with pretty Mary Merrick; and the knowledge that he could so far forget his vow to her troubled her, but she could not believe he had any serious intentions towards Mary.

She opened the letter brought to her with vague misgiving; Tom never wrote a letter if he could help, therefore, it must be something serious. Perhaps he wished to ask her forgiveness for his hasty words that day.



"A SECOND LATER SHE WAS CLASPED IN HER LOVER'S ARMS AND SOBBING OUT HER TROUBLES ON HIS BREAST."

She tore it open, to read in his usual bold firm hand these words:

"DEAR MRS. NETTLEFOLD,—I should feel more compunction about what I am going to write, were it not that I am certain you are anxious to be released from your promise to me, as I am to release you. I do were unsuited for each other; I felt it from the first, but tried to feel differently. By the time you receive this I shall be miles away with the woman I love, who will be my wife before another sunset. For your friendship, and the many proofs of it you have so generously given me, I sincerely thank you. The money you so kindly lent me, my father will immediately refund from my estate. I hope some day to see you and my dear little friends for I shall ever feel for you a profound gratitude and esteem. Therefore, believe me ever your sincere friend.

"TOM GULL."

Nelly read the letter through twice. She was very pale, but quite collected.

The blow had fallen on her heart. She felt the weight of it almost stop its beating. But she was no weak love-sick girl, and the callousness of this renunciation angered and disgusted her.

She had borne much, but this surpassed all. He had cast her aside directly he could do without her, and she, but the night before, had thrilled beneath the warmth of his caresses.

The thought of that roused her to an almost insane anger.

She paced the room like some maddened captive; contempt for herself and her false lover stirred all the pride of womanhood in her. How dared he treat her so!

Oh, that she were of his own sex, that she might meet him man to man, and strike all the beauty out of the face that had so befooled her!

For hours this passion raged in her till her head swam and her heart grew faint.

The house was closed; no living soul could pry into her trouble.

She threw open the window, and leant out. The cool night breezes blew on her hot forehead, and cooled the tempest there.

She looked up at the calm bright heavens with the light of crystal stars and silvery moon, and suddenly remembered Amos Warden's disappointment, and the sorrow he had borne so bravely there that day, and a sudden resolve took possession of her.

"I will not be the laughing-stock of the town. I'll live down this shameful slight as Amos Warden's loved and honored wife. I'll put self aside and live for others. Tom shall not wreck my life. I am young yet, pretty and even joy may yet be mine. I'll go to him this very night and ask him to marry me. There must be no delay. I must silence gossip and put aside pity. Pity would kill me. After to-night my grief must be laid aside as a buried sorrow, and, God helping me, even this time of trouble shall turn to good. Jenny will be glad, and I shall be the light of Amos Warden's home. I like the idea of the walk there to-night. It will cool my head and steady my nerves. I must not think or I shall go mad!"

She hastily put on her hat, threw a wrap over her shoulders, and went quietly out into the calm, cool night.

She walked briskly past the meadows to the hill at the top of which the Red Farm stood.

Gradually the crazy tumult of her nerves relaxed; the silent beauty of the night seemed to solace her sore spirit like an angel voice.

As she walked up the gravel path the scent of the white lilac came to her, and recalled many peaceful hours spent in this old garden, and at the thought her heart went out to Amos yearningly. It would never fail her: she was sure of his love and care.

The house was almost dark, only one light burned, and that was in the kitchen. Unwilling to disturb the household, Nelly paused a second in doubt, then she remembered Amos had always smoked his last pipe either in the kitchen or in the garden, and she tapped quietly at the window pane. Susan opened the door in a panic.

"Oh, is that you, Mrs. Nettlefold? I was so afraid it was someone come to bring bad news of the master."

"Bad news of Mr. Warden! What do you mean—what has happened?"

"Have you not heard that he was taken ill on his way home to-day, and fell into the mill-stream?"

"No; I've heard nothing. Tell me, is he safe. Where is he?"

"He is safe, so far as I know, and he is at the mill-house. Mr. Merrick is going to sit up with him to-night; to-morrow a professional nurse is to be got from London."

"There will be no need of her; I will do my best to nurse him. Oh, if I had known of this before! Where is Miss Warden?"

"Sleeping peacefully, ma'am; we keep the trouble from her. She thinks he is only staying at the mill-house to prevent a chill. I left her sleeping with a smile on her face, such as I have not seen for years. Well, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and if I'm not much mistaken, Mr. Merrick came here to tell Miss Jenny more than of her brother's accident. I found them hand-in-hand, like two children afraid of the dark, and it strikes me they can comfort each other."

"This is good news, Susan; I only hope you are right. You say they intend to sit up all night at the mill-house?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I'll go on there. I could not rest if I went home."

Susan looked surprised, but said nothing, only she followed her late visitor to the gate, and then, suddenly remembering something, said:

"If you do really mean to go to the mill-house to-night, ma'am, perhaps you'd not mind taking the master a change of linen, it will save a journey in the morning."

"Run in and get it by all means, Susan; I'll wait here," said Nelly, a slight smile dawning on her pale face.

As she waited under the lilac-trees, looking at the calm scene, she marvelled at the lightened feeling at her heart; one hour distracted, despairing at loss of a lover; another, waiting like an old wife for a change of linen to carry to another. Truly, one can never tell what an hour may bring forth. Certainly, there's nothing like occupation to stifle a heartache.

"I must not have a moment to think or I shall go wild."

"Is that you Mrs. Nettlefold," said Jack Merrick, opening the door in answer to her gentle knock.

"Yes, Mr. Merrick, it is. I have come to help you nurse poor Amos Warden; let me in and don't look so surprised. Surely, no one has a better right to nurse a man than his future wife."

"But I was under the impression that you were engaged to Tom Gull."

"A wrong impression, I assure you, Mr. Merrick," said Nelly, putting down the parcel she had brought from the Red Farm on the hall table, and trying to unfasten her hat with trembling fingers.

"Please don't ask any questions, Mr. Merrick; Amos will explain when he is well enough, and really I am a good nurse, and I am quite sure he would rather I attended him than anyone."

"I dare say you are right, Mrs. Nettlefold. Follow me. If you wait a second I'll call Mary to show you to a room where you can change that pretty dress for something more suitable."

Nelly looked down at her costly dress in distress.

"Mary must lend me something then, for in my anxiety I forgot everything."

Jack Merrick left Nelly standing in the hall hat in hand, and went to his sister's room.

Nelly heard him put a key in the lock, turn it, and opening the door, call "Mary," softly.

No answer came.

He grew impatient, struck a match, and entered.

A second later he came out, white as death, with an open letter in his hand.

"She has gone with that scamp! By Heaven! if he brings shame to her, I'll kill him as I would a venomous reptile!"

Nelly, very calm and composed now, took the letter from his hands and read its contents.

Mary said she had gone away with Tom Gull, and they were to be married at Bexley the next morning.

"What am I to do?" asked Jack, savagely.

"Follow them quietly to Bexley, see your sister safely married, return at once here, and tell everyone you attended the wedding. You need not say you were an unbidden guest, or that your sister stole away from her home in secret the night before. By taking my advice, you will avoid scandal, and see that your sister is not betrayed. You could drive to Bexley, and be there before morning."

"Yours is good advice, Mrs. Nettlefold; I'll do it at once, and leave Amos in your hands."

"You could not do better. I will care for him as for my nearest and dearest."

Nelly went into the sick-room, and found her patient turning from side to side, moaning out that his disappointment had been cruel, and that he could not endure his life.

Nelly was touched by his miserable words, and resolved to make all the recompense she could for his devotion.

She was aroused from her despondency by the need for action, and, as she tied one of Aunt Rachel's large-bidded aprons over her dress, she smiled to see how little she now felt her lover's treachery.

In the afternoon of the next day, Mr. Merrick returned.

Aunt Rachel was pouring out tea in the pleasant parlor that overlooked the mill-stream.

She held the teapot so that all the tea streamed into the sugar-basin as she asked excitedly:

"What news of our dear foolish child, Jack?"

"Look what you are doing, old lady! Put the teapot down, or you'll scald your cat. Good news, old lady, I suppose you'll consider it, though I had rather brought my sister home than given her away, whether I would or not, to that scamp. They are married. I saw them before they went to church, and insisted upon bringing Mary home or witnessing the marriage. She is of age, so I could not put a stop to the wedding, as I would have done gladly."

"Was Mary upset at sight of you?"

"Yes, she cried a good deal, but seemed glad I was with her. I've been to see Dr. Gull. He was very much upset, and said he would take care of Mary. You see, he is fond of the child, and he has great hopes of Tom settling down. Between us and me, he was very nervous about Mrs. Nettlefold—declared that Tom had treated her shamefully. I told him she was well rid of him, but he should be glad to hear she had married Amos Warden. He gave me this letter to give her. I fancy it contains something to say that will please you a lot. Well, some folks have all the luck. I hear Tom Gull has come into another fortune, which his father says he will see settled upon Mary, so Lilington may prefer her than I ever hoped to see them. Now go and stay with Amos while Mrs. Nettlefold has some tea."

Nelly came down, looking pale and anxious.

Jack told her what he had done, and made her drink some tea.

She read Dr. Gull's letter with tearful eyes, and Tom saw her put a roll of notes in her pocket.

"What does the doctor think of Amos?"

"It may take a turn for two or three days, when he hopes he will come to himself. Now you are here, I'll run home for a few hours to see that things are going on all right; I shall be back to-night."

Nell seemed very silent and subdued; all her vivacity and bright good spirits seemed to have deserted her.

Jack felt very sorry for her and to put her more at ease began to talk of Jenny.

Mrs. Nettlefold was very glad to hear him speak so affectionately of her old friend, and talked so sympathetically of her that Jack felt his heart lightened; her affection seemed but so indeed charm.

"I quite agree with Jenny that she should go to Germany before not after marriage. Amos must take her during they he is well enough, and when they return will be time enough to talk of marriage."

"Am I dreaming, or is that really you, Nelly?" said a weak voice, four days later, as Nelly bustled about the sick-room.

She dropped the flowers she held and flew to the bedside.

"You know me then, Amos? Oh, I thought you would never speak to me again! I am so glad you are better—so very, very glad."

She took the thin hands in hers and pressed her red lips to them.

Amos flushed up, and said huskily:

"Don't do that, dear, or I shall make a fool of myself."

Nelly laughed saucily, and made kissing lips to him.

He shook his head at her, but kissed her tenderly.

"Now you must drink your medicine, and try to sleep again. I shall be here when you wake, and then will answer any question you may ask."

She found a cool place on the pillow for his head, damped the hot forehead, darkened the room, and sat down by the open window to wait.

Hour after hour passed, still he slept soundly. He awoke as the stars peeped out, and called Nelly to him.

She came and knelt by the bedside, holding his hands, and after a brief silence, she said:

"Do you remember what made you ill, Amos?"

"Yes, dear—that foolish letter."

"Well, I won't have that letter called foolish again; it was the wisest letter I could have written. I only wish I had written it. Now I want you to believe that letter came from me, and to get well for my sake; a sick sweetheart is not an exhilarating companion, and I am very lonely. Now, Amos, you are the only one in the world that loves me."

"My dear, you bewilder me! What does it all mean?"

"It means that I will be your own true loving wife if you will have me, Amos?"

"But what of your lover?"

"I have no lover. Tom married Mary the day after you were taken ill, so if you won't have me I shall think no one wants me."

Amos said nothing in answer to this; but he took the tearful little beauty in his arms and kissed her, and laying her head upon his breast said gratefully:

"I thank God for my great happiness! Now I shall have something to get well for. How is Jenny?"

"As happy as a queen; we did not let her know how serious your illness was, dear, and she and Jack are engaged again. Dr. Black says she can be cured, Amos, and you must make haste and get well to take her abroad to the physician who alone can cure her."

"Will my wife go with me?"

"No, Amos; I shall wait at home, and when you return we will be married. I don't want our honeymoon divided, even with a dear sister."

"It hardly seems possible that we have been away a whole year, Jenny."

"No, it does not, Amos; but it is a shame you should have lost a year's happiness."

"My dear, I have been happy; and to look at you, so tall, and straight, and bonnie, seems to lift twenty years from my head and heart. Would Jack be glad! The next action is, dear; he is to drive us to The Golden Rain. Don't spoil your looks by crying even happy tears, as you promised when bright face."

"And you look all the better for your travels, Amos; you have filled out—got into a better style of dressing—begin to know, in fact, how to take care of the best of yourself. Nelly will be proud of her husband."

"Do you think she really will marry me, Jenny?"

"Of course she will, you goose! Why, I believe she loved you all along, only Tom would not let her know it."

"Here's our station, and oh, there's Jack and Nell!"

"Oh, how good it is to come home after this long, long absence!"

A second later she was in Jack's arms, and Nell and Amos were clasping hands, and looking into each other's eyes for the first time like lovers.

"Do you still belong to me, Nell?"

"Yes, Amos; and I hope to belong to you all my life."

Jack kissed his sweetheart.

Amos needed no second hint, but he took Nell's blushing face in his great wiry hands and kissed her fondly.

Then all talking at once they went to the dog-cart and got in, Jack driving them through the village in fine style.

They passed Tom Gull and his young wife in the high-street, and Amos was relieved to see only friendliness in Nell's face.

Then they drove on to The Golden Rain, where a sumptuous dinner awaited them, after which they sat in Nelly's pretty parlor, and arranged the details of the double wedding which was to come off in a week. And such a week of work that was! Nell declared she was tired to death of it all, but nevertheless looked as bonnie as Jenny the day of the wedding.

Such a crowd of wedding guests there were, and among them, asked for Mary's sake, the scapegrace, who made the best speech on record and gave the handsomest presents.

Then amid the showers of rice and old slippers—the wedded folks were driven to the station—Amos and Nell to start for Scotland Jenny and Jack for the Cumberland lakes two of the proudest, happiest little wives alive. And Amos ever after kept the first of April as feast-day, for to it he owes his happiness, and as summer suns and winter snows gather about the Red Farm and the Mill House, the grateful content of those two homes increases, for children's voices make the echoes, and little dancing feet make home music under the old roofs where once there was loneliness and heartache, and for the inmates of those happy homes:

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise:
Assured alone that life shall end
His mercy underlies.

The End.

Home Victories.

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed,
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Brothers and Sisters.

"Now, Bobby," said his sister, sharply, as the boy opened the parlor door, "you get to bed at once!" Then she went on:

"No, Mr. Sampson," she said, gently, "I can only be a sister to——"

"In that case, Miss Smith," interrupted young Sampson, chokingly, "I may as well get to bed at once!" and winding his Newmarket around his form, he strode mournfully homeward.

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Counter lunch from 12 o'clock till 2.

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Criterion Restaurant, 63 King Street East

A Very Pretty Quarrel.

Addie was at the piano, singing a new song that Frank had brought, which he turned music, and threw in a hint now and then as to expression. Miriam and Will flirted outrageously in the bow window overlooking the street, whither they had gone for the "view." To be sure, Miriam invariably sat there every evening for an hour or two before Charlie Leonard could possibly be expected, but she need not have coaxed Will to sit with her; I'm very sure he never would have gone of his own accord, even if I did snub him unmercifully when he said he had "something sweet" to tell me. I hate love-making in public, and he knows it very well by this time. Will and I are fond of each other; but that's no reason why one should continually pose as Juliet or Ophelia, and make a nuisance of one's self generally; so I spoke to my gentleman pretty sharply, and he left me in high dudgeon.

The professor, busy as usual, copied music at a side table, making a wry face every time Addie struck a wrong note, which she did pretty often; how can a girl manage new music and love with equal facility! And Charlie has such an embarrassing way of looking at her—though who can wonder at that! For my sister is a beauty, if ever one lived—blonde, you know, and blue-eyed, and angelic.

Yes, I must say all this, even if I do resemble her, and so may be accused of vanity. What an ill-used word that is, by the way! Is it a pretty woman's fault that her mirror reflects a charming picture! For my part I'm thankful for the gift and do my duty to society by making the most of it.

But just then I was not thinking of anything so ephemeral as beauty. What could induce Will to sit out there so long with Miriam! He did not usually take my snubs in such serious fashion, though Addie was continually saying that the day would come when he'd pay me back in my own coin. It was not nice in either of them. Not that I was jealous—oh, no!—but I didn't want other people to think my lover lacking in devotion. I'm sure I would not serve him so!

It is true that the night before, when we all went for a stroll, I refused Will's arm—moved by a spirit of mischief—claiming Charlie's instead. But surely neither he nor Miriam was foolish enough to be jealous of Charlie and me! Besides, we did not stay more than an hour, and this *tete-a-tete* had lasted for at least—well, for twenty minutes, anyway! I could not understand it, and felt aggrieved.

Addie sang on and on; both she and Frank were delighted with the song, and seemed unwearied in its performance. Mechanically I listened to the words:

"Ah! methinks I see that vision
As it haunteth me each day;
In walking and in dreaming evermore;
And wherever I may wander,
In the street or in the lea,
That face, that form of godly grace—
Doth guide and comfort me."

Comfort, indeed! I gave a glance at the window, to see what the owner of one particular face and form of godly grace was doing. How pretty Miriam looked in the moonlight, with her dancing eyes and flashing teeth! And Will liked dark beauties. Suppose he were to transfer his attentions from me to her! My foot went tap-tapping on the floor, and a dagger began to float in mid air in approved Macbeth style.

"Miss Kate," suddenly asked the professor, during a pause in the music, "what's the matter! Are you indisposed!"

So stupid of him to say that, in a loud, distinct voice that Will could not help hearing! Men have no tact. I gave him a fierce glance and shook my head vehemently, which frightened the dear little man to such an extent that his mouth involuntarily opened and remained fixedly agape as he looked at me.

"Dear me!" I said, crossly, "I should think from your expression that I was a Gorgon's head, Professor!"

"Not so, Miss Kate; you are everything that is charming," answered that pink of politeness. "But I'm sure you're not well! You cease to enjoy yourself."

"I shall cease to exist if Addie doesn't stop playing false chords," "Miss Kate" retorted, making poor Sis the scapegoat as usual; and rising with decision, I approached the piano.

"Addie dear," said her amiable sister, sweetly, "if you are quite sure that you're not tired of singing Never to Meet Again, you might repeat it twelve times more, and then ask Miriam to give us a banjo solo. She plays and sings the professor's last in a ravishing manner; and it would be a change, you know."

Poor Addie turned scarlet.

"Why, Kate, how cross you are! Frank likes the song, if you do not." Then, in a whisper, "It isn't my fault that Will is playing tit for tat, you wicked little flirt! And it will take more than a banjo to drag Miriam from that window before Charlie comes!"

I a flirt! Kate Hunter a flirt! Did ever any one hear anything so outrageous! And as for Will's playing tit for tat, what can a poor man do when a girl throws herself deliberately in his way! Charlie, indeed! Much she'd care for him if she could secure my handsome Will! That was just her art; women are never to be depended upon—no, not even the best of them—where a man is concerned.

But I only thought all this; not a word did I say. I just gave Addie a scornful look, tossed my head, and went out of the room.

Was it possible that they laughed as I shut the door! No, it could not be; Will would not dare to join in a laugh against me—his newfound independence never could carry him as far as that!

Perhaps Addie was right, and her sister did feel a little cross. But there's reason for anger in the mind of any well regulated young woman when her lover allows another girl to openly devote herself to him. And it stung me to know that Addie noticed the little farce. It wasn't Will's fault, of course; Will, men of Israel, not so readily yield to temptation. One thing was sure; back into that room I would not go for an hour, at least, even if I had to walk down Broadway alone.

There—Addie was singing again. What a doleful sort of song it was!

"Never to meet again, never again to see;
Never to see her face—never save in dreaming;
Unless perchance we meet on some fair golden street,
Never to see her face, nevermore to meet;
Never to see, never to see, never to meet again."

Never to meet again! Suppose that were true of me and Will? Cold little shivers ran all over me at the bare thought.

Poor Will! how good and kind and patient he was, and how I plagued him at times—always, one might almost say. Should I go back and be good? But no—he had no right to flirt with Miriam, and I would teach him a lesson in return.

So I put on my prettiest hat and jacket, pinned a bunch of flowers at my waist and opened the front door with a jaunty air, knowing that Will would see me from his perch and wonder where I was going. There was one comfort—he was very jealous, and my mysterious flight would just about madden him. Tripping down the steps I met Charlie Leonard at the lowest one.

"Oh, Charlie, you're just in time. Do come down street, like a good boy; I sha'n't stay very long."

Good-natured Charlie looked at me doubtfully.

"Another moonlight stroll, eh, Kate! What will Will say?"

"Well, then, what will Mirry say?"

"She won't mind, either; she's flirting with Will."

Charlie roared with laughter at that. He is always laughing—thinks life's a joke that's just begun, like three little maids.

"Come, now, Katie, you can't induce me to believe that, you know. There's only one man in the world who can make love to my little girl with her own consent. Don't get jealous of Miriam, whatever else you do."

"Thank you for your advice, Charlie, but I'm not jealous of any one; only, as Will and Miriam seem to enjoy their *tete-a-tete* so well, it would be a pity to disturb them, would it not!"

And then I laughed with a great show of merriment, and gave Charlie a perfectly killing glance, one which had done deadly execution on Will in days agone, and which I hoped would finish Charlie quite under the circumstances; for of course he was watching us.

Charlie looked astonished when I made such wonderful eyes, and consequently expressed it into his face. I guess he knew I was acting at Will; these stupid men do have occasional gleams of intelligence.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" he said at last.

"Only to come down Broadway a little while—just to give Addie time to learn her new song."

"Is she learning one! Glad of that; Addie has such a lovely voice. Well, I'll go with you—only I must report myself to Miriam first; I'll be down in a minute."

But it was at least ten before he reappeared, and then his face was black as a thunder-cloud.

"Mercy! Charlie," I exclaimed, "what's the matter!"

"You may ask Miss Betram that," was the grim response. "Come, are you ready!"

"Miss Bertram!" He must be seriously angry to speak of her by that name and in that tone. I felt my own anger melting away, and began to think that I had done mischief enough by my jealousy—for that it was jealousy I was now ready to admit. But I had gone too far for retreat, and walked meekly away with Charlie, not saying a word for ten minutes.

It seemed so odd for Charlie to be cross, of all people; really, he looked quite imposing in his anger, and I no longer wondered at Miriam's infatuation for him. If men only knew it, too much forbearance is thrown away upon women, who like to be brought up standing, as the boys say, when they go wrong. Do you suppose I'd dare flirt if Will forbade it? Not that I do flirt, you know; only if I did, it would be entirely my lover's fault in not asserting himself.

At the outset, Charlie's walk and mine did not seem the rosiest thing in the world; he marched forward like a grenadier, while I trotted along in sober silence, feeling very much like a naughty little girl under punishment. But I defy any one to be long morose or sorry on gay Broadway, when the frost glitters, sleighs glide by on velvet runners, the air scintillates with light, and even sound seems crystalized. We were soon chattering like magpies—like one magpie, at least—and I'd almost forgotten my grievance when Charlie asked suddenly,—

"Kate, if you wronged anybody in your acts or thoughts, and were brought to see your error, would you apologize?"

"That would depend very much upon who the anybody was."

"Well, Will, for instance."

"I'm sure I wouldn't. It would spoil him forever!"

How Charlie roared at that!

"You little vixen! There's no danger of your spoiling a man by kindness."

And that's all he knew about it; I'm very kind to Will—sometimes.

"Why did you ask me that, Charlie?" I said, after a pause.

"Oh, I hardly know—it seems to me that you don't treat Will just right, somehow. Now this evening—"

"Well, this evening!" I said, as he abruptly paused. "You were engrossing yourself at Will and Miriam—you know you were. Your face was awful to look upon when we left the house."

Charlie smothered another laugh. What did he find so funny in the situation? I never knew jealousy to have such a laughing gas sort of effect upon me.

"As for Will and Miriam, even the best of us do wrong sometimes," he said after a while; "or we might have been too hasty. And are we doing just right ourselves, Kate? You'd better apologize to Will this time."

"Never!" was the emphatic answer.

"What! a—" Charlie stopped just in time to save his life. "You'd better, Katie!"

"No, sir!"

"What'll you wager that you won't tell him you are sorry for to-night's proceedings?"

"The whole world, if you like."

"No, I don't want the world—shouldn't know what to do with it if I had it; but I'll take a box of cigars."

"And 1 a box of gloves, number six, if you please."

"Agreed!" And then we went back to the house in the highest of spirits.

But Charlie, who suddenly seemed to remember his grievance when we reached the front door, would not come in, and my mental barometer indicated stormy weather when he marched off with a lofty air, leaving his "compliments" for Miss Bertram—he would call upon her when she was disengaged. Persuasion was useless, even though I dropped unmentioned by upraised, appealing eyes, coaxing smiles and all the little airs and graces which Addie continually so severely in her sister; and I finally crept upstairs and into the parlor, feeling like a guilty wretch and dreading to meet the inquiring gaze of Miriam's soft dark eyes, which, after all, had never looked upon me with anything but kindness. Why had I made such a mountain of a mole-hill? If it fell upon and crushed me, I had but myself to blame.

There was no one in the parlor, when I softly opened the door, but Professor Rogers still hard at work, and oblivious of everything; it was the new melody that was singing itself in his brain. Miriam once told the dear man that though he had no bee in his bonnet, he certainly carried a nightingale under his hat; and he was so pleased. It is like Mirry to say pretty things like that; she's so bright and ready. No wonder the men like to talk to her.

At my entrance the professor looked up blandly, but in a preoccupied manner.

"Why, Miss Kate," he asked, evidently surprised by my appearance on the scene, "how is it that you are not at the theater with the others?"

"At the theater!" was the blank response. "I did not even know that they were going."

"Is it so? Yet I placed a box at Mr. Reynolds' disposal this morning, thinking that you would surely make one of the party."

"He never said a word about it!" I gasped. Then I suddenly remembered Will's "something sweet" and my refusal to listen; and then he went off and sat with Miriam in the window. It was all my own fault—every bit. If I hadn't gone out, Will surely would have relented soon, but my flight had put it quite out of his power; and now they were all at the theater, and Miriam would look her prettiest, and Will would devote himself to her, while I must stay at home, a maiden all forlorn indeed.

It was too much. I sank on the carpet in little heap, and wept dismally. Next to Will, I loved the theater better than anything in the world, and now I had lost both. For Will must be very, very angry to serve me in this way.

"Tut, tut, tut! What's this?" cried the professor, springing from his chair. Then, with a change of tone, he said, "Ah, good-evening, Mr. Leonard," and hastily left the room.

So Charlie had repented and come back. He had not left Miriam for a whole evening, as Will had left me. I heard him enter, but was too grief-stricken to look up or in any way change my position.

"Oh, Charlie," I sobbed, "I'm so wretched! Just think, they've all gone to the theater without me, and Will is with Miriam, and—I'm so wretched!" was the lame and impotent conclusion.

Who would have thought that Charlie's hand could so tenderly smooth my hair. But I was too miserable to pay much attention to so unusual a demonstration on his part.

"And it's all my own fault, Charlie, every bit of it! I had no cause to be jealous, but just felt contrary and perverse. You're right about Miriam; she wouldn't flirt for anything. And as for Will, he's the kindest, dearest fellow in the world, and I tease him awfully. I'm so sorry, and if he ever forgives me I'll tell him so. He has served me just right," with a fresh burst of woe.

And then some one lifted me from the floor, and some one kissed me a dozen times, and I looked up and there was my Will, with love and laughter in his true eyes.

"Of course I've served you right, mistress!" Another kiss here. "But I didn't go to the theater, you give me variety enough, my love, to keep me contentedly at home."

"That wicked professor!" I cried, struggling from Will's arms; for really, one doesn't care to be kissed more than a hundred times at a time even if one deserves punishment. "He told me you had all gone to the theater."

"That was one of my playful inventions, Miss Kate," broke in the maligned man's voice just here; and then the folding doors were thrown open, revealing Addie and Frank, Charlie and Miriam, with dear Professor Rogers in front, all laughing and pointing at me. Yes, they were all in the plot, and Charlie had only pretended to be vexed.

"I say, Kate, you don't happen to have those cigars about you, anywhere, do you?" he said with a saucy look.

I shook my head at him, but it was of no use; out came the whole story, and I had to admit that the wager was fairly and squarely lost, even though a little trickery was used to secure my defeat.

Well, I forgave them. Addie said her perverse sister needed the lesson and you will agree with her, I'm afraid. But it cured me, and Will shall never again have reason to complain of my exactions.

All's well that ends well, and we made quite a jubilee of the occasion. The professor sang his latest song, and then Miriam, who plays the banjo charmingly, gave us a solo, passing from that to plantation melodies, in which all joined. But, remembering the way in which I had snubbed poor Addie an hour or so ago, I was still unsatisfied, and finally crept to her side, and while pretending to pull one of her golden curls, slipped an arm about her neck.

"I was very cross, dear," whispered the penitent, who, since she had taken to the wearing of sackcloth and sprinkling of ashes, was bound to complete her penance, "and very rude. But you know that I love to hear your voice always. Won't you prove that you quite forgive me by singing something?"

"You're a little goose," said Addie, with that lovely sparkle in her blue eyes that always comes there when she is moved, "but a little darling, too. Of course I forgive you! What shall I sing, Frank?"

The latter young man appealed to looked at her fondly—but that he was always doing—glanced at me with something like disapprobation, and then deliberately said, with the air of revolving an entirely new proposition:

"Sing Never to Meet Again?"

So Addie sang her song for the twentieth time that day. But I listened to it, well content, my hand in Will's, knowing that now the sad words could never, never apply to him and me.

The Growth of Intimacy.

Grace, aged five, had noticed that mamma said "Will" when addressing papa, and that the hired girl said "Mr." Thinking this formality had continued long enough, she cried out one day: "Katie how long will you have to know papa before you can call him Will?"

Sales gentleman—Stockings? Yes, mam; what number do you wear?

Customer—What number? Why two, of course! Do you take me for a centerpede or a one-legged veteran of the war?

Very Natural.

If Bacon Shakespeare wrote,
It is no wondrous note
If I be not mistaken—
These Shylocks should hate bacon.
—Lee Fairchild.

Force of Habit.

Old lady (to railroad brakeman)—How soon does this train start for Shacknack?

Brakeman—Not for two hours yet, madam. Step lively, please.

Unfavorable Symptoms.

Physician (to Mrs. Colonel Blood, of Kentucky)—How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?

Mrs. Blood—He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times.

Physician (with a grave look)—H'm—still flighty.

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To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

Deportment.

The old-fashioned system of teaching "deportment" in young ladies' schools has been a good deal ridiculed, but a glance into our social gatherings is enough to show that more attention might very well be devoted by both sexes to this study. How awkward and ungraceful many young people, whose bringing up in other respects has been unexceptionable, are in company! What undignified attitudes they unconsciously assume at times, of which a little instruction would have cured them. The bashfulness of young men on making their first entrance into society, and frequently long afterwards is a stock subject for the humorists. There are many to whom an evening party is an occasion of untold misery simply because they really do not know how to conduct themselves without making some absurd blunder. They apparently do not know what to do with their hands and feet and look constrained and ill at ease. If these unfortunates had received a little instruction in deportment they would be spared all this misery. A natural and graceful bearing and a ready and pleasing address in society ought to be part of the education of all whose position render them eligible to move in good society. There are very few who are incapable of acquiring the self-possession and ease in company which is based on a true knowledge of what is expected of them and an acquaintance with social usages. There is nothing undignified or unmanly, as some people appear to suppose, even in those who have attained maturity receiving instruction in deportment. Every one should know how to enter or leave a room, how to bow gracefully, how to conduct himself on receiving an introduction. It may be said that these matters are trifles, but it is just such trifles which convey the impression—either rightly or wrongly—to the minds of a great many people of the good or bad breeding of those concerned. Slouchy, careless attitudes and neglect of the courtesies exacted by social etiquette are far too common. Young people nowadays are prone to disregard or underrate deportment and consider the insistance upon it as a mark of old fogyism. But none the less it is an important matter and one which no one who wishes to stand well in the estimation of cultured society can afford to neglect.

Deportment it is true does not of itself make the gentleman or the gentlewoman. But without it many who have an unimpeachable claim to those titles are often rated below those who, while inferior in mental and moral qualities, possess the ease and grace acquired by careful attention to apparently trivial details.

Scandal Mongering.

One of the greatest evils in our modern society is the amount of ill-natured gossip and scandal-mongering that is continually going on. Unfortunately we have of late had to refer to several events involving painful domestic scandals, the details of which were so obviously criminating that there was little or no room for doubt of the guilt of the parties concerned. People in such cases will talk, as is only natural. But the appetite for scandal grows by what it feeds on, and for one case in which there is clear ground for condemning the sinners, there are twenty in which the tongues of tale-bearers and gossips have been set wagging upon mere rumor or circumstantial evidence of a vague and indefinite character. The open and notorious scandals which attain newspaper publicity bear a very small proportion to the number which never get beyond the stage of tea-table or street-corner chatter. The reputations of men and women are destroyed wholesale and their lives blasted by the idle and malicious babble of those of both sexes who delight in putting the very worst construction upon actions which, though perhaps equivocal, are not necessarily indicative of guilt. A vast amount of domestic unhappiness is caused or intensified by this propensity for gossip—this tendency to believe the worst and magnify and exaggerate every little indiscretion or rumor of evil. When a story of this kind is once set afloat it is well-nigh impossible to undo the mischief. The impression conveyed by a careless word or hint will remain in the minds of many, and years afterwards it may be when the victim imagines that it has been forgotten, it will be revived.

There are too many people who think it quite a sufficient justification for repeating a slur upon the character of some one who has never wronged them in any way, that the story has been told them. Without troubling themselves to verify it they put it in circulation, carefully repudiating all personal responsibility in the matter. They would not say such a thing for the world—oh, no! They simply give it as it was told. The person who reiterates an unverified scandal in this fashion is every bit as bad as the original slanderer—and a great deal more cowardly. We greatly need a vigorous public sentiment which will discourage scandal-mongering and brand those who are persistently guilty of the practice as unfit for association with decent people.

Dangers of Evening Dress.

The statement that the lamented death of the late Hon. Thomas White was due to the insufficient protection against raw and inclement weather furnished by the conventional evening dress, should induce consideration as to whether Canadians have not too servilely imitated fashions, which, however well suited they may be to the countries where they originated, are not adapted to our rigorous and changeable climate. Evening dress as worn by both sexes leaves the sensitive region of the chest scantily covered, and in the case of those who are at all weakly and have a tendency towards pulmonary complaints, is apt to have serious results. Men and women who are comfortably clad and abundantly protected against raw, damp weather during the day time, when there is considerably less danger from this source, array themselves for the evening in a costume which is considerably lighter and leaves the upper portion of the frame exposed to the danger from draughts or a low temperature. Ample wraps and heavy out-door clothing are of course usually worn outside, but it often happens that these precautions are insufficiently attended to, or that the passage from over-heated rooms to the cooler atmosphere of draughty hallways or corridors subjects the incautious wearer of evening dress to the danger of incurring serious illness.

Much has been said and written on the total unsuitableness of ladies' evening costumes to the Canadian climate, and the protest has done something to modify the fashion. But it is evident that the masculine evening dress, which deprives the chest of the protection afforded by the coat and vest worn during the day, if not quite as glaring an absurdity is also unfit for these latitudes. We should act more sensibly if we considered suitability to our local requirements in these matters instead of following blindly the fashions of other countries. The stove-pipe hat is another instance of a fashion altogether unfitted to the needs of this country. It is too cold in winter—too warm in summer. But notwithstanding its obvious defects on the score of utility, it retains its hold simply because it is the correct thing in countries where these extremes of temperature do not prevail.

While men are content to submit to inconvenience and the danger of disease, because they think it essential to follow the modes of London and Paris in these matters, they can hardly reproach feminine devotion to the fashions with any measure of consistency.

Electricity as a Substitute for Hanging.

We believe in capital punishment, and take but little stock in the emotional natures that seek to remove it from the statutes; but the present system of carrying out the last sentence of the law has long been a subject for condemnation by the thoughtful and the humane. Death by the rope, with its brutalist and prolonging the revolting climax of the guillotine, possesses a gruesomeness peculiar to itself, with the added drawback of not affording that speedy deliverance from suffering which characterizes the product of the gloomy genius of Dr. Guillotine. The proposition of a contemporary to use the condemned criminal for medical and surgical purposes, *whilst living*, is hideous beyond expression, and the statement that the murderer's death should be made as terrible as possible cannot be to severely condemned. We have no sympathy with the maudlin humanitarianism which leads men and women of emotional natures to pet criminals, and spare them the infliction of properly administered pain. But the deterring influence of death will not be increased by torture. In addition to this you cannot torture the criminal without mentally torturing the witnesses of the execution, and in a secondary degree the outside public, which, so long as human nature is such as it is, will morbidly read every detail of the dreadful scene.

There is every probability that the substitution of death by electricity for death by hanging will soon take place in the State of New York. A commission appointed by the state legislature has presented a report in which is a recommendation of electricity as the best mode of execution. On all sides electricity is growing in favor, and the barbarous exhibition of strangling a human being at the end of a rope will be seen no more. We are not of those who deem it a matter of no consequence as far as the criminal is concerned, but, putting the principal aside, it is due to those who are compelled by duty to witness the execution that it shall be conducted in the least repulsive manner, and shall be quick, certain, and not shocking to behold. For a speedy consummation of the death sentence, electricity will never fail. Hanging often does. To-day one of the most brutal murderers of the age lives because the rope which should have snapped the thread of his life snapped of itself, and the mental agony suffered on this occasion was very properly deemed by the Home Secretary a sufficient reason for commuting the capital sentence. In the meantime, electricity, as a mode of inflicting the death penalty, is the best yet devised, and it is to be hoped the State of New York will adopt it and thus set a worthy example to the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Nearing Home.

The sympathy of all classes in the community will be with Sir John in the great loss which he and the country share in common at the death of the late Minister of the Interior. The scene in the House of Commons during the motion for adjournment was dramatic. The spectacle of the aged Premier, weeping bitterly at the loss of his faithful henchman, was pathetic in the extreme. For him the sands are rapidly running out, and such an event as this,—the more awful because so unexpected, must teach him an unmistakable language that the hour is drawing nearer when the shadows shall close around him and the sceptre of power fall from his nerveless grasp.

Bloor Street Baptist Church.

Last Sunday I went to the Bloor street Baptist church to hear the Rev. Elmore Harris. I had heard him before but was anxious to deal with the material of his sermon and was disappointed to find his pulpit occupied by another.

I don't know who designed the new church in which Bro. Harris officiates. Though it is modern and some of the details are tasteful, as a whole the interior is ugly, and the organ loft, both as to location and design, is hideous. A lady organist was presiding, and she looked like an immense fly perched half way up the wall. The choir is composed of boys. I have heard such choirs which were remarkably pleasing, but in my many explorations around Toronto churches I have never heard worse singing than was produced by the untutored youths who cluster in that uncouth gallery around the organ of the Bloor street Baptist church. Individually and collectively it would seem that these boys can't sing, and any reason for their being where they were is hard to find, except they were there as an example to the children of the church. I suggest this, because their behavior was good; it was the only good thing about them, as far as one could discover from a stranger's standpoint.

The Rev. Mr. Harris called upon Rev. Mr. McGregor, who was in the audience, to lead in prayer. He did so. He is a low-voiced man, pleasing to look at, and his prayer was not only well-worded, but in a scriptural and homiletical sense, beyond criticism. The pastor announced that the evening had been selected for the annual sermon of the Fife Missionary Society, which, I believe, is an institution of McMaster Hall. He told us that all the churches in the city were represented in the audience, together with the theological students of the Baptist college. The Rev. Alexander Grant, Superintendent of Baptist missions, had been selected to deliver the sermon and the pastor introduced that gentleman to the congregation.

The Rev. Mr. Grant is a small man, nervous, excitable and full of zeal and fervor. He did not stay long enough in one place for any artist to sketch him, but he delivered his sermon to the young preachers with such fiery earnestness and indubitable conviction that one could not but admire it. He took as his text I. Peter, 1st chapter, 12th verse:

"Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister the things, which are now reported unto you by them which have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; which things the angels desire to look into."

He took the last clause of his text first. It contained two expressions; one strong, the other weak. He thought it would be better translated "Which things the angels yearn to get a glimpse of." It seems strange to us that the angels yearn to get a glimpse of the things "which are now reported unto you by them which have preached the gospel unto you with the Holy Ghost." Like children gathered around a fence witnessing some amusement, a horse-race or athletic contest, the boys struggling for the possession of the crack or knot hole through which they can get the best glimpse of what is going on, so the angels seem to be striving to obtain a sight of the scheme of redemption. This is accounted for by the fact that while man can see and appreciate the beauties of the plan of salvation, the angels not having fallen have no part in redemption and can hardly understand the plan whereby God sees fit to bring man back to himself.

I will not attempt to give any synopsis of his sermon, which was addressed to preachers. He made his chief point of the fact that preaching is of no avail and the gospel is useless unless it is preached "with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven." No matter how a man preached, unless he had the Holy Ghost it would be unavailing. The most educated mind, the most eloquent man could find no results unless he preached the gospel "with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven." He must have had the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was not the question of having religion but it was the question of religion having him. He must be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of it; must be, as it were, beside himself with it. Any preaching emanating from a man who was not afire with zeal for the salvation of souls and who did not have in his words the power of the Holy Spirit might as well quit. Preachers, he said, could have the Holy Ghost, and they might lose it; it might be taken away from them; but they might regain it by the humiliation of their pride; by earnest prayer, and thus by seeking they could regain the power they had lost. He earnestly exhorted the young ministers, the students who were going out to preach, to preach the gospel with the Holy Ghost. Without going into any theological difference between my conception of the text and that held by Bro. Grant, I felt that the choice of a man to teach the young preachers how to preach was a mistake. It is not for the human mind to outline the operations of the Holy Spirit, and many good preachers have been spoiled by relying on the inspiration of the moment and on the power of a supernatural influence, which such teachers as Bro. Grant have taught them would accompany their words. It is difficult for the ordinary mind to separate the spirit which is contained in the Word from the Word itself, and to teach preachers that there will be added to the Word a supernatural power is to instill the doctrine that religious oratory is not based upon the same principles which govern secular rhetoric and that the influence of their argument and appeal is not dependent on the proper arrangement of their matter, proper delivery of their thoughts or the warmth of the heart which speaks to hearts. Given the idea that the Holy Spirit works through the preacher and not through the Word, and we lose our esteem of the Word's strength and rely on the preacher for the influence of the Holy Spirit rather than look to the Word for the effect, whether it is spoken or written. The principal effect of such teaching is disappointment. The student goes out burning with zeal, which he may believe is the supernatural power which is to accompany the words he speaks. He speaks without effect. The listener hears nothing but the sophomorical oratory of immaturity, and is bored. Bro. Grant anticipated this objection by saying it was not given to man to say whether the preaching was successful or not. We had no right to enquire into God's plans or as to whether he intended the effect of the preaching to be manifested. By this I understand him to teach us that while the preaching might appear to be a failure it might not be so, or that if it were a failure, God intended it to be so. Neither of these positions seems to be correct. Bro. Grant told us that ignorance, when accompanied by the Holy Ghost, had as much effect in turning souls to God as culture, though he admitted it was better for the student to be a college-bred man and to have worldly learning, yet he held it was not absolutely necessary. By such an admission he weakens his position. If the Word is accompanied by a supernatural power, as it was of old, it is immaterial whether it is in the mouth of a sage or a bumpkin. Bro. Grant knows that the bumpkin in the fashionable Toronto pulpit—no matter how much he may believe in himself or feel himself "endued with power from on high"—would empty the pews in a fortnight. If he admits this it is shown that human oratory, together with the strength of the arguments, is what the preacher must depend upon, or he must fall back upon his supposition that God does not intend the preaching to have effect. With due deference to Bro. Grant I think the latter absurd. It is putting in the Infinite mind a mixture of intention and negation, the like of which cannot be found in nature or any of God's revealed plans, none of which shows any such uncertainty or cloudiness of intention as Bro. Grant ascribes to His plan for the preaching of the gospel.

Altogether I think the young preacher who heard the Rev. Alexander Grant would go away mystified, remembering nothing specially except that he was told to be in earnest and to let religion have full possession of him. The definite idea to none of them would come that they should stand in the pulpit unprepared except as to zeal, and rely on the Holy Spirit for thought and expression. But many of them, however, might go away with the idea that commonplaces, when spoken by them, would be invested with a sacrilegious power for the influencing of the mind of man, and it won't take a month's preaching before they find out that they are wrong, and will either imagine that they have never had the assistance of the Holy Spirit or they will be seeking for the reason why they have lost it. DON.

Book Notices.

POEMS BY REV. W. W. SMITH.—To lovers of verse this volume can hardly fail to commend itself. Its range is extensive—grave and gay, humorous and pathetic; we have the swing of the pendulum from one extreme to the other. It is seldom we have read anything that smacks more racily of the soil than The Second Concession of Deer. This is good stuff and has the true ring. Of the religious poems we prefer The Cross-Bearer. Mr. Smith's Scottish poems are fairly over the average of Scottish verse written by Canadians, but one finds little originality here. The author is handicapped by the fact of one Robert Burns having been over this field during the last century, and who established a pre-emptive right to the ground for all time to come.

We would respectfully call Mr. Smith's attention to the poem Canadians on the Nile, on page 53, the omission of which would not have weakened the collection. We would respectfully suggest that hotter and wotter may be fair rhymes, but that hotter and water are even fair or admissible ones we shall mildly but firmly refuse to believe.

We cannot help regretting that the author has not directed his powers to subjects nearer home, for not only is the material close at hand but the men also, were it not for an inexplicable craze which native writers have for dabbling in imitative work for which there is rightly no demand.

Bands for the City Parks.

The City Council has done well in securing music for the public parks during the coming summer. Life is dull enough even for the most favored, and to the industrious mechanic, the hard-working seamstress and other toil worn members of the great army of labor and intellect, a good rendition of popular and classical music during the pleasant evenings of the next few months will be a boon indeed. If any doubt this, such an one has only to turn to the records of last year's efforts in this direction to be fully persuaded by the thousands who gladly took advantage of the free band concerts that the step taken by the City Council is one which received the endorsement of every member of the community. The grants made by the City Council are often the subjects of sharp criticism, but in this matter its action will be appreciated by all. Had its members only shown as commendable a desire to preserve to the citizens the swelling acres of what now constitutes the Queen's Park children and grand-children of the present generation would have more reason to rise up and call them blessed.

This weeks issue of SATURDAY NIGHT has been printed on the magnificent new Scott press now in operation in our publication office. It is folded and inserted in the four outside pages by a folding machine made specially for the purpose and the only one of the kind in operation in America. Our machinery is now unsurpassed by that of any newspaper in Canada, and when it is in full working order, which will be within a week or two, all the delays resulting from a very large circulation and insufficient facilities will be avoided and newsdealers and readers alike will be served much more satisfactorily. Our premises now occupy the whole eastern portion of the Grand Opera House, comprising three flats and a basement, filled with the newest and most elaborate machinery. It is doubtful if, in the history of newpaper enterprises in Canada, so large a publication business has ever been built up in anything like the same length of time.

During the summer illustrations appropriate to the season and many new features descriptive of sports and occupations of the sunny days will be added, so that there will be no falling off in the interest of any of the departments.

On Divers Strings.

The Second Concession of Deer!

John Tomkins lived in a house of logs
On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound—
The gable was logs, all tight and round—
The roof was logs, so finely bound—
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground—
The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
On the second concession of Deer:
None of your birch with bark of buff—
Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff—
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough:—
The grandest old man in Deer!

But John had lived too long, it seemed,
On the second concession of Deer!
For his daughter held the governing rein,
With a fine brick house on the old domain,
All papered, and painted with satinwood stain,
Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain—
The finest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
On the second concession of Deer!
When he came in from his weary work,
To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk—
Or out of the *company's* way to lurk
And ply in the *shanty* his knife and fork—
For the times were changed in Deer!

But John was hickory to the last,
On the second concession of Deer!
And out on the river-end of his lot
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,
And self and wife took up with a cot,
And the great brick house might swim or not—
He was done with the pride of Deer!

But the great house could not go at all
On the second concession of Deer;
'Twas *mother* no more, to wash and to bake,
Nor *father* the gallants' steeds to take—
From the kitchen no more came pie nor cake—
And even their butter they'd first to make!
There were lessons to learn in Deer!

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
On the second concession of Deer;
Then the girls got back the brave old pair—
And gave the mother her easy chair—
She told them how, and they did their share—
And John the honors once more did wear
On the second concession of Deer.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH, Newmarket, Ont.

Chellow-Dene.

Wind of the North! blanching the fields of green!
What of the shadowed hour of Chellow-Dene?
A lover has whispered his last good-night
By the verge of Chellow's wave.
But the green orb is night, and the night winds sigh
O'er a lover's nameless grave,
And a murderer rides at a furious pace,
For well, oh! full well knows he
The son of his sire in a crimson'd attire
Is sleeping all peacefully.

Wind of the South! sighing at langorous e'en!
What of a heart that once knew Chellow-Dene?
A Red Cross nurse where the vine-clad walls
Slope down to a southern sea,
Ons nurtured in ease, who has drain'd to the lees
Of the chalice of Misery.
Oh! her pure, sweet face in the sunset glow
Is wreath'd in golden gleam,
And her soft hand's caress soothes the weariness
Of a dying soldier's dream.

Wind of the West! pulsing each prairie scene!
What of the serpent's trail from Chellow-Dene?
Bound hand and foot by the Vigilants,
In the land of the setting sun,
There is one swings on high, and his lustreless eye
Is the thread of a life that is spun,
To the horse thief, the gambler, the *fratricide*,
Short shrift and a hempen rope,
For Death ever steals upon Judgment's heels
On the far Pacific slope.

H. K. COCKIN.

A Man of Parts.

Dey talk erbout deir men o' parts an' power o' stirrin' souls,
An' fetch up lyppooles o' Parson Talmage by de shoals.
But bress yer! at dem atterbutes yer wouldn' hafter su'ch
No furder dan Br'er Shellbark ob de Healin' Water Chu'ch.

Berside de mos' persuadin' ways an' v'ice dat reach a mile,
An' de sobbin' an' de moanin' er de ol' revivin' style,
He had a wooden laig dat he would hammer on de flo'
An' make yer t'ink de debble wus a-knockin' at de do'.

Fust he'd do a little 'zortin', den de laig'd come in play
An' he'd ram de preachin' hum in jes' a muzzle-loadin' way,
Twell de bangin' an' de hammerin' ob dat anermated flat
U'd rustle all de deacons f'om deir slumbers in a tryct.

Hit 'peared some comfort to 'em fo' deir wakin' when he'd cotch
De timber in a knot-hole, an' 'u'd hang dar in de crotch
Ob a sentence, twell de sex'on come a tarin' froo de hall
An' loosed 'im f'om de inlet, wid a chizel an' a maul.

But onct, when him an' Satan had a 'maginary fight,
An' he wuz kickin' at 'im wid de mos' egrejus might
Dat wooden understandin' got untankled f'om de screws,
An' like a blizzard come a callyhootin' 'mongst de pews.

Great Sakes! Hit moved de gentermen and ladies by de squads,
Hit shelled de stalls o' orkapunts de same as shellin' pods,
An' when hit reach de westerbule in sorter kindlin' crumbs
Dat chu'ch looked like some Anerkista had sprinkled it wid bum's.

Dat's w'y I sez, fo' men o' parts an' power o' stirrin' souls
Dere hain't no udder name dat stan's out louder on de rolls
Or dat, in dese perticklerlers, am leabin' in de lu'ch,
Dat one-laig'd Brudder Shellbark ob de Healin Water Chu'ch.

WADE WHIPPLE.

Insomnia.

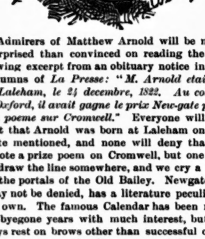
Come, vagrant sleep, and close the lid
Upon the casket of my thought;
Come, truant, come when thou art bid,
And let thyself be caught.

For lonely is the night, and still;
And save my own, no breath I hear,
No other mind, no other will,
Nor heart nor hand is near.

Thy waywardness what prayer can move?
Canst thou by any lure be brought?
Or art thou then like woman's love
That only comes unsought?

E. S. MARTIN.

Here and There.



Admirers of Matthew Arnold will be more surprised than convinced on reading the following excerpt from an obituary notice in the columns of *La Presse*: "*M. Arnold était ne a Laleham, le 24 decembre, 1822. Au college d'Oxford, il avait gagne le prix New-gate pour un poeme sur Cromwell.*" Everyone will admit that Arnold was born at Laleham on the date mentioned, and none will deny that he wrote a prize poem on Cromwell, but one has to draw the line somewhere, and we cry a halt at the portals of the Old Bailey. Newgate, it may not be denied, has a literature peculiarly its own. The famous Calendar has been read in bygone years with much interest, but its bays rest on brows other than successful competitors for the Newdigate prize of Oxon.

* * *

If the appeal to arms is to be made this year the season for it is close at hand, Russian tradition showing a preference for the festival of St. George, the patron of armies, as the time for taking the first plunge into the vortex of war. The likelihood of a campaign is becoming more apparent daily. The massing of Russian infantry on the Galician frontier has a sinister aspect, and Austrian jealousy watches the movement with feelings that are increased in bitterness by the knowledge that Russian gold has been dispensed with a lavish hand amongst the territorial troops of the Balkans, nor is this feeling allayed by the fact that the regular troops of Roumania, Roumelia, Servia and Bulgaria labor under something stronger than the suspicion of having being debauched from their allegiance by the bribes of the insidious Muscovite.

* * *

The questionable line of policy which has closed the eyes of the directors of the Toronto baseball club to the impropriety of the local team taking part in Sunday games is much to be regretted. Baseball is a good game, but baseball has unfortunately labored under one great drawback which its admirers should seek to remove. Its active promoters and supporters have not been such as to inspire the public with an overweening confidence in the integrity of its efforts on the field. The great drawback of all professional sport is that the shadier element is almost bound to creep in, sooner or later, if not closely watched and guarded against. During the last two years Toronto has given loyal support to the twirlers of the ball. Let the latter give an honest return, and the sustained success of the game is fully assured.

* * *

Lacrosse is in good hands, and its admirers have every reason to feel satisfied with the home team, and that which is doing good work on the eastern shores of the Atlantic.

* * *

On the other hand, the support given to cricket has always been of a languishing nature. The cause for this is readily seen. Cricket requires a larger amount of leisure than the majority of our youth can command; it has the additional drawback of being somewhat expensive, but the principal objection is its dulness as compared with baseball and lacrosse. It may be said that cricket requires almost a special education in order to fully appreciate the finer points of the game. But it may not be denied that the surroundings are pleasant indeed. The game itself teaches self-repression without the loss of individuality. The men who take part in it constitute, for the greater part, a goodly fellowship, and the absence of unseemly bickerings, such as often mar the fair fame of sister games, go far to make the good old game of cricket dear unto the hearts of its loyal adherents.

* * *

Abuse of our Canadian climate obtains to a large degree at this season of spring freshets, but when one reads of the damage done by the freshets of Northern and Central Europe, thankfulness obtains that our troubles are no worse than they are.

* * *

In one district alone, that of Ebling in Eastern Prussia, the damage done by floods amounts to ten millions sterling. Seventy-seven villages and more than three hundred square miles of country, inhabited by over thirty thousand people, have been inundated. After this Canada may be considered fairly good enough for the ordinary run of humanity.

* * *

Tennyson, who has always displayed interest in the affairs of South Africa, is reported as one of the promoters of a scheme for sending out "superior" emigrants to the "dark continent." The author of Tom Brown's Schooldays was also interested in this sort of thing; all the world knows the unfattering result of his efforts to introduce a higher and calmer civilization to the wilds of Tennessee. The modern product of English public school life is not a failure in the banking circles of a newer and more robust civilization; he is creditably known in various departments of the civil service, and has been known to make a respectable and comparatively law-abiding mounted policeman. But it must be confessed the incessant toil, the persistent effort required in a successful colonial farmer are not for him, and failure is almost certain to be the outcome of schemes such as this.

* * *

It often happens that the men chosen to select the land fall into the hands of Philistines at the outset, and comparatively worthless land is taken up with an enthusiasm which is only too speedily chilled by utter failure.

* * *

Apropos of this, some few years ago the Austrian Government sent out a commission to report on a certain district in the Western States. The territory in question was, for the greater part, comparatively poor; nevertheless the commissioners arrived, and were taken in hand by land operators, and, to the surprise of the uninitiated, reported favorably on the subject. After the departure of the commission a member of the ring was approached by an outsider who expressed his surprise at the gullibility of the foreigners. The explanation given was admirable in its simplicity: "We gave the engineer strict orders to run slowly through the fertile lands by day, and steam up for all he was worth through the worthless ones under the cover of night."

* * *

The repeal of the Scott Act by large majorities in seven counties is convincing proof, if any were needed, that the working of the act has not been the success which has been claimed for it. "You cannot make men temperate by act of Parliament," is a hackneyed saying, but it is as applicable now as ever. Legislation, such as the Scott Act, can never do away with or even control the use of intoxicating liquors. The practical outcome of such an act is to be found in the rapid increase in the number of secret groggeries that spring up in every quarter. The quality of the liquor drunk is of a vile description. Hatred and malice and all uncharitableness are engendered amongst neighbors and fomented by mutual perjury in the witness box. The clap-trap cry of interference with the liberty of the subject does not hold good to the same extent that it did years ago. Some subjects it must be admitted require to be interfered with in a salutary manner, but that the great majority should be muzzled for the shortcomings of an infinitesimal portion of the community, is asking more than the great majority is prepared to subscribe to.

* * *

The St. George's Society is to be congratulated on the handsome manner in which it has celebrated the 53rd year of its usefulness in the city of Toronto. Never before in Toronto has such a gathering of Englishmen been seen in procession as was seen last Sunday. To the thoughtful spectator this concrete evidence of the possibility of such an organization becoming a potent factor in the elections of the future, is not altogether a pleasant one. But it may be safely averred that there is little fear on this score. The average Englishman is anti-clannish, perhaps too much so, and readily assimilates himself in his individual capacity with the political party which most nearly resembles the one with which he was identified in the old land. On the other side of the line there seems to be a growing necessity for a solid "English vote," to counteract the evil effect of that anti-British sentiment which it may not be denied obtains so largely amongst our southern neighbors. In the meantime Canada has no need for an English, Irish, or any other "national" vote. Canada requires only that her sons shall be loyal to her best interests, discarding all the strife and prejudices of the old world, and given this, there will be but little seen or heard of the "English vote."

Trees.

To many men a tree is known only in its commercial point of view; it is so many feet of uncut timber, or so many pecks of nuts; but the man who lives close to Nature learns to know it differently.

"Yon oak," writes the German Lichte, "which grows beside my farm house, was planted an acorn two centuries ago by my ancestor. Five generations have been born and died beneath it. As I look up into its protecting shadow, or hear its solemn whisper, can I doubt that its life has some mysterious connection with that of my family, and that, in its dumb way, it shares our joys and our sorrows?"

The hunters and trappers in the Appalachian Mountains speak of trees precisely as they do of human beings; this one is "good-humored and friendly;" that, "cantankerous and surly." The black balsam, they aver, knows a dark secret, and grows only on bare, solitary peaks, "as if it had a murder to think of," while the pecan tree is fond of young people, and will not thrive near a house in which there is no child.

Blindfolded or in the darkest night these mountaineers can recognize the different kind of trees by their "voices," as they call the rustling of their boughs. They have a store of singular facts to prove the unaccountable loves and hatreds between different trees, the world-old antipathy known to all woodmen between the oak and the pine, for example, or that between the ash and hickory.

Besides the giant trees of California there are certain famous patriarchs in the forests of the South which are regarded with universal reverence and affection. Two cedars in the Nantchela mountains are estimated to be more than a thousand years old, and a live oak on the Gulf coast is believed by some persons to ante-date the Christian era.

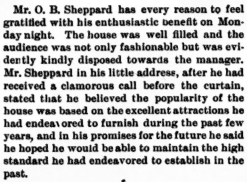
It is probable that the most magnificent trees on this continent are a group of gigantic magnolias in the Attakapas, Louisiana. The Comte de P——, a French lover of trees, hearing of these majestic growths, made a journey to Louisiana to see them. The old Swiss horticulturist who had them in charge thus described his visit:

"He had never seen a magnolia. I took him through the woods, that he should not see these giants until he was close upon them. They stand like kings upon a high hill, each one perfect in shape, crowned with crimson flowers, draped in moss from head to foot. The sun shone on them; the wind stirred the moss like silvery veils.

"When he saw them, he drew his breath and stopped short. Then he went up and put his arms about the trunk of one, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, and I—I loved him like a brother!"

Between these men and the trader, who sees only lumber in a tree, there is the same difference that there is between the man who finds music only a senseless noise and him who hears in it messages of divine import to his soul.

Nature gives to us only that which we are able to receive from her; to this man crops of oats; to that strength and repose. The boy or girl who would come close to her must train not only eye and ear, but heart, to comprehend and receive her language.



Mr. O. B. Sheppard has every reason to feel gratified with his enthusiastic benefit on Monday night. The house was well filled and the audience was not only fashionable but was evidently kindly disposed towards the manager. Mr. Sheppard in his little address, after he had received a clamorous call before the curtain, stated that he believed the popularity of the house was based on the excellent attractions he had endeavored to furnish during the past few years, and in his promises for the future he said he hoped he would be able to maintain the high standard he had endeavored to establish in the past.

*

W. J. Scanlan is a nice little fellow and sings his Irish songs and Peek-a-boo with a jollity, grace and sweetness which win the heart of the hearer. In Shane-na-Lawn he is the only attraction on the stage. His company, without exception, is exceedingly poor. For months no such crowd of bad actors and bad actresses have stalked the boards as have bored the audiences this week. W. R. Ogden, as Mat Kirwin, had an excellent make-up, and came nearer making an impression than anybody else. It is really a shame to inflict on the theater-going public such a carload of basswood as the Scanlan company. They can neither talk Irish nor English; their acting is either amateurish or constitutionally and irremediably bad. Scanlan himself is not strong enough, even with his pretty songs, sweet smile and white teeth to make a performance endurable for the two hours and a half which the people yawn through while listening to the rattle-trap plot and chronic humorisms of Shane-na-Lawn. Mr. Scanlan will have to reorganize or when he returns to Toronto he will be greeted with an empty house.

*

Last week I went to hear Dion Boucicault in The Jilt and found it really interesting. He had some good people with him. The play has sufficient plot and incident to make it bright and entertaining. In some of the scenes the laughter and tears were very close together with an almost hysterical effect. There was only one really poor actor in the company and that was Mr. Frank Robertson as Sir Burleigh Woodstock, who was evidently assisted by nature to act to perfection as a first-class wooden-head. I have no sympathy with Boucicault; no one who knows his history has; but the fact remains that he can write an entertaining play, mount it well, and has sense enough to surround himself with a good company.

*

Attention was called in the newspapers a week or so ago to the large number of opera companies which have failed within the last few years. I went to hear Emma Abbott at her last performance here, found the house crowded and wondered what the people were there for. For my part I don't wonder that opera companies are a failure. I heard her bird song. Anyone with a cultivated sneeze or a hen that could cackle in Italian would please me just as well, and the tenor's "Then You'll Re-he-member Me-hee" made me tired. If opera singers' he-arts (or she-hearts) and their li-hi-ips would express their sentiments in the every-day English we are used to hearing, and without any operatic circumflexions, I would like to see and hear their delineations of life and the author's idea of motive and the actor's idea of expression. But when I want sentiment or expression I desire them to resemble in some degree what I have heard before, otherwise they are a strange language, an unknown tongue.

*

True Irish Hearts is a better play and in better hands than has been seen at the Toronto Opera House for some weeks. It was created, doubtless, to make people laugh, and it is in the parts devoted to this purpose that what excellence it has shines forth. As for the plot of the work, it will be sufficient to say that when a big brown bear and a mountain scene, which smack very strongly of the Pacific slope, are introduced into a play in juxtaposition with the beautiful Lake of Killarney and Blarney Bridge, the proprieties of time and place do not count for much. If the animal escaped from a circus it should be mentioned on the bill. J. P. Sullivan makes a good "lad with a true Irish heart." His weakest point is in the pathetic parts, which he does not represent with the same ease and grace as he rattles off the quaint Irish humor. He sings remarkably well, but might cultivate more distinct enunciation sometimes, in speaking his lines. The same criticism applies to Miss Coleman, who performed her part very creditably. Very few actors have begun their career on the boards so early in life as little Dannie McCarthy, who takes the character of Little Bright Eyes in this play. He is seemingly not over five years old, and does his little part wonderfully well. Daniel McCarthy, as Darby Doyle, the jolly old fisherman, is funny enough for the average young man who goes to the play.

STAGE NOTES.

During the performance of one of Dryden's plays an actress gave the line—

"My wound is great because it is so small,"

in as moving and affecting a tone as she could, and then paused, looking very distressed. The Duke of Buckingham (Villiers), who was in one of the boxes, rose immediately from his seat and added in a loud, ridiculing tone of voice—

"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all,"

This had such an effect upon the audience that they hissed the actress from the stage.

It is said that the motive of La Tosca and Nadjezda, claimed by both Sardou and Barrymore as original, was made the subject of a poem, Cruelty and Lust, contained in the Poems of John Poinfrit, prefaced by Dr. Samuel Johnson and published in Works of the English Poets series, by Rivington & Marshall, London, England, 1790. It is further stated that there was an annotation appended to the poem stating that the episode of which this was the subject actually took place during the English revolution of 1688.

Mrs. George Gould—Miss Edith Kingdon "that was"—receives, it is said, the friends she made while a member of the theatrical profession just as cordially as ever. Mrs. Gould is a charming little woman, and—be it said without disrespect—is hail fellow well met with everyone. She is still extremely interested in theatrical affairs. A lady who was formerly intimate with her called some time ago at the Gould house. In the course of conversation she asked Mrs. Gould if she felt any secret "hankering" after the stage. Mrs. Gould laughed. She was very non-committal, however. "When you have rubbed against the scenes," she said, "you can never get rid of the smell of the paint."

Once upon a time there was an impression that the gentlemen who made up a minstrel troupe were the impersonators of the Southern darkey, with all his humor, his quaint sayings, and his musical madness. There were farces played in Negro dialect, and in the first part—the ring, the elaborate collars, wigs and general make-up were a feature that seemed inseparable. They sang Negro songs, mostly comic, My Lubly Gal, Coal Brack Rose, etc., and by way of contrast, such things as the Suawnee Ribber. Instead of all this we now have a group of blackened gentlemen faultlessly attired, paying the greatest respect and consideration to each other, who sing extracts from standard operas and funereal songs. The "end men" no longer grimace and "make fun," but sit like statues lost in thought, and on a cue awake to utter senseless political jokes and gags, that are Greek only to men and women of the street. "Modern minstrelsy!" Yes, it is. Like all modern enterprise in the line of burlesque, it is founded on the ribald intellectuality of people who do not understand how large the class is that would prefer something different.

M. Jules Lemaitre, the French critic of the *Debats*, has published a volume entitled Impressions de Theatre. Regarding the play of Hamlet he says:

"Who, then, are you, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, weak and violent young man, vehement and melancholy, dreamer and brutal, aristocratic and philosophical, reasonable and mad, exquisite poet and sorry joker, living and incoherent creature, and the lamentable image of the soul in torment, figure individual to a strange degree, yet general even to a symbol; you, whom Shakespeare sees as a fat, asthmatic younker, and whom we see only as pale, elegant, and supple, in cap and doublet of black velvet as befits the elder brother of Faust, the most ancient representative of the modern mind, of romanticism, of pessimism, of Nihilism, of la grande nevrose, and of yet other things, which doubtless were not dreamt of in your philosophy! We have lent you so many thoughts and sentiments that you no longer resemble anything, poor Hamlet, naif young man, lymphatic and choleric, and that in order to discover once more your real features one has to scrape away layers upon layers of commentaries and readings. What would I not give to see you naked, with virginal eyes, such as you left the hands of Shakespeare, who is surely one of the greatest poets of all ages, but who, if we were just, would more often produce upon us, as he did upon Voltaire, the effect of being a 'drunken savage.'"

He thinks the last two acts of the play extremely dull, the Queen ridiculously passive, Claudius absurd, Ophelia a sort of chromo-lithograph, and the scene with the grave-diggers horribly *banal!*

The question as to how far actors and actresses feel emotion promises to become very interesting.

The personal perception of deep emotion seems to vary considerably.

Mrs. Kendal's experiences give one of the best explanations of the different depths to which the actor's feelings may be stirred.

"Even in her early girlhood—from the age of sixteen onward—Miss Madge Robertson used to play the part of Lady Isabel Carlyle (afterward Madame Vane) in a dramatic version of 'East Lynne.' She used to mourn over the dying child without knowing what sorrow meant.

"Then she became Mrs. Kendal; and, in the loss of her first child, she learned to sympathize only too vividly with the distracted mother of the play. East Lynne was at this time vastly popular, especially with Saturday night audiences; and on a Saturday evening, less than a fortnight after her bereavement, Mrs. Kendal had to play Lady Isabel before a crowded audience at Hull.

"Everything, even to the name of the child, reminded her of her loss; and in the third act her emotion became so heartrending that she was utterly overpowered by it, and the curtain had to be dropped before the end of the act. The effect upon the audience was electrical and thrilling.

"A woman stood up in the pit and cried: 'No more—no more!' But it was not an effect which, either as a woman or an artist, Mrs. Kendal could bring herself to repeat. She got through the last act as best she might, and from that day to this has never reappeared in East Lynne."

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The university trustees succeeded in alarming some of the citizens by their rupture with the city fathers. Their action will likely have a good effect. The council had gone floundering along for quite a while with its weak and improvements, either ignorant or indifferent as to what it stepped upon, but suddenly like Androgens when he recognized Æneas, as if he had trodden on a viper,

Obstupuit, retrogue pedem cum voce repressit.

Snakes and legal contracts are not od to trample on. But on the and the university sold the lots around the crescent on the condition that the park in the centre would be preserved and so got higher prices than they otherwise would have received.

*

At a meeting of the White Cross Army on Wednesday of last week Mr. T. C. Desbarres was elected president, and Mr. W. R. Rutherford first vice. Mr. H. J. Cody will be councillor for the fourth year, Mr. W. H. Graham for the third and Mr. C. A. Stuart for the second, while Mr. McGee takes Mr. G. B. McLean's place as secretary. Very few of these gentlemen were present at the meeting. Possibly the impending examinations may have had something to do with this, but I think there are other causes. From an ethical point of view the need for such a society might fairly be questioned, among those at least whose code of morals is in conformity with the Christian system. It is broad enough to embrace all such questions and one phase of it is unduly emphasized only at the risk of neglecting the others.

*

Mr. E. S. Hogarth conducted the last meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

*

Mr. T. Nattress, B.A., of Knox, is filling a station near Palmerston.

The examinations for LL.B. begin on Monday the 30th.

*

Mr. John Squair's landlady will miss the professor at the breakfast table after the 1st of May, when he will assume the responsibilities of housekeeping.

*

The students thronged the corridor on Saturday morning last, eager to catch a glimpse of the provisional programme for the Arts examinations, which was posted up the night before. Almost everybody expressed himself as not suited with the order of the papers. They all came in a bunch. But this is always the case, and the only thing to do is to have recourse to the one passage which the old lady had found so comforting. Grin and bear it.

*

Messrs. W. P. Mustard, B. A., and J. H. McGeary, B. A., fellows of the college, will go to Johns Hopkins university to take a post-graduate course there.

*

Rev. J. J. Elliott, B. A., preached for Rev. John McKay, B. A., at Agincourt, on Saturday last, previous to his departure for Algoma.

*

I have heard the question asked sometimes in jest, sometimes with a trace of earnestness if the University boys really play baseball, and are they not ashamed of themselves? In spite of the bad repute in which the game, as professionally played, is held by many it is hardly fair to condemn it on that account. At any rate, as the dry goods team on Saturday found, the University team can play. There were few spectators and numerous errors in the play on account of the cold weather.

*

Occasionally the pressure of examinations is having its effect. Mr. O. MacMichael, '89, of MacMaster has of late been forced to listen to the sternest monitor that warns the student pale to leave his pen.

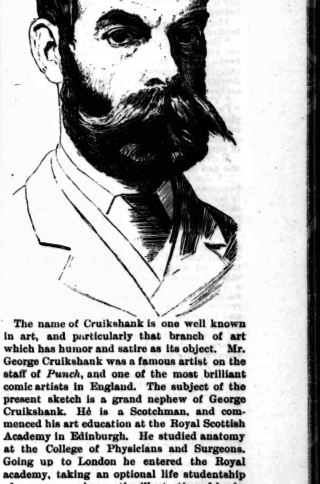
*

An invitation has been received from Victoria to send a representative to their senior dinner on the evening of May 4th.

TOGA.

Mr. William Cruikshank.

FROM A SKETCH BY HIMSELF



The name of Cruikshank is one well known in art, and particularly that branch of art which has humor and satire as its object. Mr. George Cruikshank was a famous artist on the staff of *Punch*, and one of the most brilliant comic artists in England. The subject of the present sketch is a grand nephew of George Cruikshank. He is a Scotchman, and commenced his art education at the Royal Scottish Academy in Edinburgh. He studied anatomy at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Going up to London he entered the Royal academy, taking an optional life studentship of seven years, began the illustration of books and periodicals and became attached to the staff of the *Graphic*. He exhibited occasionally in both the Academy and Dudley exhibitions, as his work in black and white would permit. After working under such men as Millais, Leighton, Orchardson and Pettie, he acquired a still further experience in the studio of Yvon, the battle painter, in Paris. Coming to this country Mr. Cruikshank accepted the antique class of the Ontario School of Art, where he remained as principal until its demise as a government institution. The supervision of the illustrations for the school readers prepared by the Ontario Government was intrusted to Mr. Cruikshank, and the excellence of the work tells its own tale. He has a strong liking for animals. The picture, Hauling the Mast, exhibited at the Society of Artists' rooms, attests his knowledge of the horse and his appreciation of the pictorial value of a thoroughly Canadian subject.

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WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Parmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A FRIGID RECEPTION.

"Why, hare's Elizabeth," exclaimed the Deacon in an abashed and apologetic tone. "Come here, dear, an' kiss yer new maw."

Bessie, with her head thrown back and her lips drawn tightly over her teeth, stood glaring fiercely at her step-mother. Ben, with Hope on his arm, leaned carelessly against the side of the doorway, surveying his father with a contemptuous smile, his face full of insolent scorn. Hope, feeling thoroughly happy and safe, still clung to his arm, her cheek resting against his shoulder as she curiously watched the mis-mated couple. Hulda at once rushed into the room and assisted Calvin to rester Aunt Becky to consciousness, and knowing that a storm was brewing, ignored the presence of her father-in-law and his new wife.

"So you have got some one to have you at last," sneered Bessie.

"Now, Elizabeth, don't fly off inteh a tantrum, 'twon't do no g.o.d an' 'll jist make trouble. Come on an' shake hands 'ith yer maw, an' let's try an' live peaceable."

The begging tone and cringing attitude of her father surprised and humiliated Bessie more than if she had been met with an outburst of wrath. Her stepmother, determined to avoid a scene, came over to Bessie and holding out her hand, said smilingly: "Why Bessie, we used to be friends, and I don't know why we shouldn't be now."

"There is every reason, Harriet Doyland, why I should hate you or anyone else mean enough to marry father when mother hasn't been dead six months."

An ugly look gleamed in the stepmother's eyes as she answered, "Oh, well, if you've made up your mind that we can't be friends, maybe you'll suffer just as much as I will."

The old Deacon rushed up to his daughter, and throwing his arms around her, cried pitifully, "Bessie, Bessie, don't quarrel 'ith her—fer my sake treat her good an' try teh live 'ith her."

There were tears in the old man's eyes, and his voice trembled plaintively.

"Oh father, how could you do such a thing! you must be crazy."

"Don't throw up things teh me, Bessie; don't say nuthin', only jist don't quarrel. You'll hev a home 'ith me jist as long's I've got a ruff over my head,—*only jist try teh git along 'ith her.*"

Bessie couldn't resist her father's beseeching tone and her pity for him overcame her anger. Taking refuge in a woman's safest armor, in a woman's strongest tower, she burst into tears and buried her face on her father's shoulder. No one was more surprised than Ben, but his deep-seated dislike of his father and the feeling that every word and tear had been carefully calculated intensified the scornful look in his eyes.

"How'dy, Mrs. Jones; glad to meet you," he sneered, turning his face towards his step-mother. "Aren't you coming over to kiss your little boy!—I'm your oldest son, you know."

"Why Ben," whispered Hope reproachfully, "Or you want to be introduced with a kiss!" he laughed, showing his glistening teeth. "Mrs. Jones, this is Hope Campton; Miss Hope Campton, Mrs. Jones."

Harriet, after she had been repelled by Bessie, though her face had reddened at Ben's jeers, stood her ground and now advancing to Hope, extended her hand, her eyes flashing but her low, steady voice under complete control as she said, "I'm getting rather a chilly reception, Miss Campton, but I hope there is no reason why we shouldn't be friends."

"None whatever," answered Hope, cheerfully, though as she took the proffered hand she glanced anxiously at Ben to know whether her action met his approval.

Aunt Becky had at last recovered sufficiently to sit in an easy chair, and Hulda, relieved of her task, bustled forward, shook hands with the Deacon and then with his wife, exclaiming with every breath, "Jeth family! Jeth family!"

"Well, Deacon," began Ben, who was still leaning against the side of the door, "how do you like your new wife, now that you have got her! Found an angel, haven't you! If she is as good as she is beautiful you will have to keep her in a glass case or somebody will steal her before morning."

The Deacon's spirit had been bruised but not broken, and this taunt put fire in his eye.

"Ben Jones," he snarled, "yeh ought ter git out an' yer maw, but I hain't agoin' teh let yeh break up my fam'ly. Either act decent er git out. I came back with my mind made up teh do right by all a' yeh, but I hain't goin' teh take no insults from you."

"You mistake my meaning," interrupted Ben, "I was simply offering a delicately-worded compliment to your recently acquired wife and you ought to feel proud that a man of my taste considers her a fit companion for a gentleman of your distinguished character."

Harriet was biting her lips as Ben spoke, but she had made up her mind not to quarrel.

"I don't see why you should persecute me because I married your father. I didn't know it would be objectionable to the family," she said quietly. "I am sure if I had expected a reception like this I would have stayed at home."

"No, you wouldn't," answered Ben, coolly surveying her from head to foot. "You thor oughly understood just what sort of a reception you would get, and decided that, for the sake of the old man's money you would stand a good deal of rough treatment, and you needn't try to play off innocence on me. I remember you too well at school, Bess, you and Hope pack up your traps; I'll send a wagon around for them in an hour. Hullo, Israel! go in and see your stepmother."

Israel, who had just come from the barn, stood gazing in open-eyed wonder at Harriet.

"Why, hullo! Harriet, when did yeh git here?" cried he, cordially. "Hullo, father! why yeh ain't married, are yeh?"

"Yes, Israel, we air," answered the old man, dolefully.

"Well, by the great gawsh, if that don't beat all."

"Go and pack up your grip, Israel," snapped Ben, giving his fat brother a shove. "Don't wait to be bounced. Let the old man and his woman have the house. I'll take care of you from this out. Good-bye, Deacon, I wish you many happy returns of the day. And you, too, Mrs. Jones; I know if you don't miss your wish you'll be having another wedding before long with a younger and prettier man."

The Deacon was about to give vent to his wrath when Harriet stopped him. "Let him go," she whispered, "the sooner we get rid of the whole crowd the better."

"Harriet," whined the old man, "it's tur'ble hard teh see Bess an' th' hull family goin' off an' leavin' me all alone."

After a hurried glance around the room to see that they were alone, Harriet caught the Deacon by the arm and with a jerk which half pulled the limb from its socket, snarled out, "Don't be such a fool; you won't be alone as long's you've got me."

"No, Harriet, I s'pose I won't."

"I ought to be thankful now that we have got rid of your children. You can't send that crazy old sister off to the poor-house any too soon to suit me. If you imagine I'm going to mum around her, bringing her out of fits you've made a big mistake.

"Don't be too sudden, Harriet, er we'll set people talkin'. Becky has lived ith me fer forty years, an' I don't see how I kin hev th' face teh turn her off, 'ith th' face of a church meetin', too!"

"Well, you *will* send her off; if she isn't away from here by next week I'll throw her out into the yard."

"All right, Harriet; I'll see that she is sent off fore long Hulda'll help yeh git dinner; I'm goin' out teh th' barn to see how th' stock looks."

In the barn, with his head buried in his arms, the Deacon leaned against the haymow and groaned aloud. Truly retribution had come to him in its cruelest form. He was back in the old home where he had quietly spent his life with "Mariar" and had been babied and taken care of as if he were a superior being, and now his young wife was shoving him around calling him an "old fool." He heard the dinner horn presently and wiping his eyes he struggled to his feet, looking old and feeble, muttering as he choked down his sobs, "I wish I was dead."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF LOVE.

"We live together years and years,
And leave unmedicated still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
Each other's depths of will.

We live together day by day,
And some chance look or tone
Lights up with instantaneous ray
An inner world unknown."—MILNES.

In the huge old-fashioned fire-place the flames danced merrily among the logs, lighting up the dining room of the old Birch house, where Ben had gathered Hope and Bess and Israel, leaving his father and stepmother to spend the night alone at the homestead. It had been a day of excitement and change, and Bessie was worn out. Israel had the blues, and though he struggled manfully to laugh at Ben's jokes, it was a failure.

"I guess I'll go teh bed, Bess, if yeh'll tell me where teh go," he exclaimed, with an ineffectual attempt at cheerfulness. "It seems tur'ble strange an' lonesome teh me here, seeh's I never afore slept a night away from th' old place."

"Oh, ho! Lost Tribes! Not homesick already, are you?" inquired Ben, kindly.

"Not homesick, Ben," responded Israel, his eyes filling, "but kinder dumpy, an'—an'—git-tin' away from th' old farm makes me feel sorter like's if there wa'n't no use ner place fer me nowhere. G'night!"

"Israel, old fellow, you mustn't go to bed feeling that way, cried Ben, jumping up and catching his brother by the shoulders. "This farm belongs to you and Bess, and there'll be use for you, and love for you just as long as I live—"

"Yes, and as long as I live, Israel," interrupted Hope, her soft voice, sweet and loving. "If it hadn't been for you how friendless and helpless I would have been, and I have you to thank for bringing Ben back."

Bessie, watching Israel with aching heart, saw how poor a comforter Hope was, and fought with lonesome bitterness. "Yes, 'Ben,' Ben, nothing in her mind but 'Ben.'"

Israel answered Hope with a look of despairing anguish, and without daring to speak a word lest he might break down, hurriedly followed Bessie from the room.

"Poor old fellow!" sighed Ben. "It's the first change he ever made and he feels about as forlorn as I did when father drove me off the farm."

"How sad and lonely your life must have been," whispered Hope, nestling closer to him on the big settee drawn up before the fire.

"Yes, darling, my life has been lonely enough, but now I will be able to make up for it by never leaving blue souls behind."

"You won't tire of me, will you, Ben? I know I'm not lively or entertaining as your old companions must have been."

"You of you, child! Never! Just as likely the saints to tire of Heaven!"

The fire with flickering lights made fitful shadows and created strange shapes in the logs burned away. They had been silent for a moment, rejoicing simply in each other's presence. It is strange how true lovers sit and are happy without the interchange of a word. Each one is thinking and the while believing each tender thought is shared by the other. As Ben gazed at the fire, his memory played sad tricks with his thoughts and his lips closed tightly and his brow was riven by heavy wrinkles which knotted and deepened as if he were in pain.

Hope had been watching the fire, her loving heart glowing more intensely than the coals. Looking up to meet Ben's answering glance, she was startled to see the drawn and suffering face.

"What is the matter, Ben dear?" she whispered in affright.

Ben turned toward her, his lips trembling, his eyes full of gloomy shadows.

"I have been thinking, Hope," he answered huskily, "that I have no right to seek your love until you know my past. I do not come to you as you do to me pure and unspotted from the wickedness of the world. I am a wicked, worthless man with no redeeming feature but my love for you—and Bess and Israel—but mostly for you. It is only right you should know all about me, and then if you love me I—"

"Ben darling," whispered Hope, "tell me nothing. I want to know nothing about your past. If I share your future I will be oh! so happy Ben, so much happier than I deserve that there will never be a moment when I will quiz loving you long enough to think of any past for either of us, except that we have spent together."

"But I have done so many things which if you knew of, you could not love me."

"Ben," cried Hope, her soft hands on his cheeks and turning his face toward her, "I don't believe you ever did a wicked thing, I don't want to believe it, for I love you, and would still love you, and the only thing would be I might learn to fear that you do not love me. If the time ever comes when you don't love me, never tell me of it; let me cling to my faith even though my senses should teach me differently. Oh, Ben, Ben, I could forgive any sin of yours, except not loving me."

Her face wasupturned to his, beautiful, pure and radiant with the light which shines only from the rare heart that worships and lays its life blood as freely, joyfully, as it pours out its love. The glory of her unselfish goodness made him revere her as he had revered his mother. The torture inflicted by his sense of utter unworthiness of one so exalted above all women conquered his stubborn spirit, and as if by a light from heaven he saw the great gulf fixed between her noble soul and his degraded nature. With a gasp of fear and self-loathing, he buried his face in his hands.

Dropping on her knees before him and begging him to tell her that she had not offended him, Hope pulled his hands from his face and kissing his eyes and lips, implored him to say but once that he had not repented of his love for her.

"I am unworthy even to touch your hand. I dare not let your eyes see into my soul. I feel ashamed, humiliated, despairing!"

"But do you love me, Ben—you have no other one?"

"No, my angel, I have no other love, no one who has any claim on me, but I have desecrated the name of love, and now your dear eyes reproach me with your purity."

Her arms were around his neck and her kisses answered his fears. "I swear to you, Hope, over the grave of the past you have helped me to bury, that from this hour I will strive to live so that there will be nothing in my life which you may not know."

"What if Heaven, for once its searching light
Lent to some partial eye, disclosed all
The rude, bad thoughts that in our bosom's night
Wander at large, nor heed Love's gentle thrall?
Who would not shun the dreary, uncouth place?

So might we friendless live, and die unwept.

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn
Thou who canst love us though Thou read us true."

The fire was burning lower, the shadows growing longer, ten o'clock was sounding from the old-fashioned clock in the corner and Bessie had rejoined the lovers when someone knocked at the door.

"Say, Ben, I want teh see yeh fur a minnit," was the abrupt appeal Ben met when he opened the door.

"Why, Rufe, what on earth brings you so far away from homeat this time of night?" exclaimed Ben. "Come in."

"No, I don't want teh! Put on yer overcoat an' take a little walk with me—I—I—want teh ast yeh somethin'."

"All right, old man—in half a minute. Good night, girls—I'll be back soon, but you'd better go to bed."

The door swung shut, and Ben and Rufe were out in the winter night, walking slowly over the crackling snow.

"Now, my friend, tell me what troubles you, for I can see there's something the matter!" Ben began, anxious to know the reason of the late visit.

"Yeh know, Ben, I hain't much given teh mindin' other people's biz'ness," faltered Rufe, "but I don't know what else teh do, 'sept what I'm doin', under th' circumstances. I hain't thinkin' 'bout fer a week an' I hain't slep' a wink hardly, but I couldn't make up my mind till t'night, when I was down teh th' tavern, where I heard yeh'd moved into here, an' after I got three er four drinks inteh me teh give me nerve I struck fer your house, an' here I am now in sich a h—— of a funk that I'm skeered teh begin.'

"Bless my heart, Rufe, I can't think why you'd be afraid to come to me. You know that anything I can do for you will be a pleasure."

"It hain't nuthin' teh do fer me," continued Rufe, unevenly, as if he were out of breath, "an' it's because it's bout you, Ben, an'—an—Ruth, thet I feel seh d—— flustered!"

"About me and Ruth!" echoed Ben in surprise.

"Yes, 'bout you'n Ruth, that's what's th' matter. Ever since that night up t' our house, when you played that trick on th' Deacon, Ruth's bin a diff'rnt woman. She seems broken-spirited, an' goes 'round th' house lookin' pale an' holler-eyed as if she'd bin cryin' all night an' wa'n't finished. I knowed teh th' time I hadn't oughter done it, but jist like the d—— fool I am, I did it fer her—an' she did it fer you!"

"How do you mean that 'you did it for her and she did it for me?" asked Ben, who saw before him the sad-faced girl as she told him it was easier to be foolish than to forget it or have it forgotten.

"That's the pint, Ben. I'm tryin' teh git at. I knowed she liked yeh, an' I kinder thought th' joke 'd sorter git yeh together, an' she consented because I told her you wanted her teh do it. Yeh know Ben, I hain't much of a man fer much good teh nobody, but I like Ruth, an' I've took as good care of her as I could, bein's I hain't no better'n I am, an' she's kinder bin my baby an' everythin' else till she's the hull world teh me, an' every tear she sheds makes me suffer more'n if I was bein' chopped inteh chunks 'ith a dull knife. I can't bear teh see her lookin' like she does, an' know I got her inteh th' scrape that spiled her chances 'ith yeh an'—"

"Spoiled her chances with me!" exclaimed Ben. "What——"

"Jest hold on a minnit, Ben," persisted Rufe, excitedly. "I wanted Ruth teh git yeh, because I liked her, an' kinder felt proud of yeh, an' thought yeh let on teh me's if yeh liked her, but I spiled it. She sed herself you'd never look at her agin a ter yeh went away that night, an' she sed you must have thought her a bad woman, after what I that d——d old Deacon sed! I sed 'no,' but 'twa'n't no use. Sometimes she looks seh reproachful at me! I can't stand it; fer me teh hev done it, an' her the best an loviest sister an' brother Ben, '*good*' hain't no word t' 'xpress it! She's true 's steel an' pure 's gold. She is, so help me God. I *know* it, I *know* it, Ben, an' oh God, an here it's me teh be th' one teh throw doubt on her, by gittin' her inteh that mess!"

They were a mile from the fireside where Ben had been broken on the wheel of repentance, and as they walked Ben began to realize the false position in which he was being placed by Ruth's remorseful brother. They strode along side by side, Rufe catching at Ben's sleeve in his excitement, sometimes stopping and facing his silent companion. Ben could not think what to say. He knew he had not sought Ruth's love, but his wretched *ruse* to humiliate his father! How could he excuse that? And Ruth! What could he do to set himself right?

"What kin we do 'bout it?" stammered Rufe, as if he had divined Ben's thoughts.

"There must be some mistake, Rufe—" Ben began.

"But there hain't! It's jest's I tell yeh; she loves yeh, an' I don't b'lieve she'll live till spring if things keep on, an' I'll feel's if I killed her by bein' sich a —— —— infernal fool," cried the profane little man, grasping Ben's coat, his voice almost hysterical with fear and his dark, weather-beaten face contorted and elfish in the moonlight.

"You *must* be mistaken, Rufe. Your sister is not in love with me. No one has a higher regard for her virtues or a sincerer admiration for her beauty and cleverness than I have, but I never thought for a moment of trying to win her, or that she cared for me."

"Yes yeh did, Ben; yes yeh did! Yeh jist the same as told me so th' night yeh ast me t' git her teh hev th' Deacon come up that Sunday!"

"No, Rufe, you're mistaken——"

"Then yeh was foolin' me, an' tryin' to make a fool out'n my sister——"

"Rufe, you wrong me; I came back to Applebury to clear up the rumors about Hope Campton, because I loved her and in a few days we will be married!"

"U—U—d scoundrel, I wish I could kill yeh!" screamed Rufe. "An' so yeh've made a fool of my sister jist to suit yer spite agin yer father!"

"Rufe—"

"Curse yeh! Curse yeh!" roared Rufe, pouring out a torrent of profanity and frightful epithets.

Ben saw it was useless to argue with him, and turning on his heel, heavy hearted, started homeward.

After exhausting his imprecations Rufe staggered and fell upon his face, and Ben seeing him fall was returning to help him when he saw him rise to his feet and with uncertain steps and loud sobs start towards his home. He watched the wretched man, the loving brother, the tender-hearted blasphemer, till he was out of sight, and all the while through the still air of the cold winter night came to his ear Rufe's careless crying:

"Poor little Ruthie; it'll kill her. My Ruthie'll die an' I did it."

Ben looked up at the stars and wondered if beyond them there was a place where such sorrows never came. Afar off he could still hear the cry, "My poor little Ruthie—poor little Ruthie!"

(To be Continued.)

Riggly—Smith did a queer thing to-day. He gave me a letter to mail and made me promise not to read the address!

Quiggly—Ah! To whom was it addressed?

Clips.

"One thing, Maria," said the tarred-and-feathered gentleman, as his wife was plucking him, after the festivities: "the tar ain't no special use; but there's 'most a dollar's worth of feathers on me."

First Lady—Has your husband quit smoking yet?

Second Lady (just returned from the Far West)—Well, he ought to by this time; he's been dead six months.

The woman's congress, at Washington, has not been held in vain. Between two and three thousand husbands left at home have enjoyed a period of heavenly rest, while their fervent spouses proceeded to smash the enemy.

Mrs. Fitz Prude—Mr. Oldrake seems very fond of Mrs. Golightly.

Mr. Fitz Dude—Oh, yes, he's with her morning, noon and—yes, he's really very devoted, indeed.

The druggist makes only a fair profit, on the average. Nay—repress the cruel gibe, the heartless sneer! We said on the average. He may corral a few hundred per cent. on prescriptions and patent medicines; but look at the narrow margin on postage stamps!

He—I read something funny the other day. It was about a man who had invented a parlor lamp which would go out promptly at 10 p.m.

She—How nice!

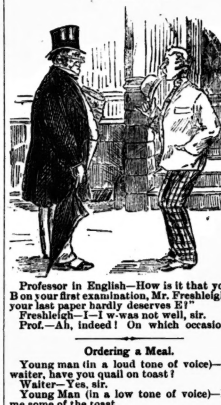
And he hasn't yet made up his mind whether it was a hint to go or to turn down the gas.

Seaside Hotel Proprietor (to Sea Serpent in search of an engagement)—No, I don't think I shall be engaged for you this season; I've got the promise of a society actress, two bogus lords, a political convention, and a scandal in high life, and my bill of attractions is about full.

"Did you ever go tobogganning, Mr. Winter-wheat?"

"No," said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator and fell down four stories in three-tenths of a second. That is fast enough for me; I'm getting too old for much excitement."

He Wasn't Well.



Professor in English—How is it that you got B on your first examination, Mr. Freshleigh, and your last paper barely passed E?

Freshleigh—I w-was not well, sir.

Prof.—Ah, indeed! On which occasion?

Ordering a Meal.

Young man (in a loud tone of voice)—Aw—waiter, have you quail on toast?

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Young Man (in a low tone of voice)—Bring me some of the toast.

Leaves Not a Wrack Behind.

Mr. Saw (excitedly.)—I tell you, the truth will out!

Mr. Instance (calmly).—Yes, indeed; and I notice that it will out of some men so thoroughly that it doesn't seem to leave a trace behind.

Rather Pointed.

Mr. Upson Downes (seated by a stranger in a car)—What time is it by your watch, if you please?

Stranger—I don't know.

Mr. Upson Downes—But you just looked at it!

Stranger—Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there.

Method in His Madness.

Critic—Really, I can't see for the life of me why you write such bitter, gloomy, pessimistic stories.

Scribulerus—Why, my dear fellow, to get the means of enjoying life, of course!

Mutual Benefits.

Newly-arrived Irishman—But fwhat good do I git out av it if I join the Milaysian Mutual Binift and Protective Association?

Acclimated Milesian—Wy bur? a mimber Ivery Sooonday, an' it's a beautiful drive to the cimetary.

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Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Moaning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER X.

IN SLIPPERY PLACES.

The wise one sat at the window and looked out. Not that there was so much to look out at, either. The view commanded by Bloomsbury Place was not a specially imposing or attractive one. Four or five tall, dingy houses, with solitary scrubby shrubs in their small front slips of low-spirited looking gardens, four or five dingy and tall houses without the scrubby shrubs in their small front slips of low-spirited looking gardens, rows of Venetian blinds of various shades, and one or two lamp-posts—not much to enliven the prospect.

The inhabitants of the houses in Bloomsbury Place were not prone to sitting at their windows, accordingly, but this special afternoon, the weather being foggy, the wise one finding herself alone in the parlor, had left the fire just to look at this same fog, though it was by no means a novelty. The house was very quiet. Toinette was out, and so was Mollie, and Tod was asleep, lying upon a collection of cushions on the hearth-rug, with two fingers in his mouth, his exquisite, round, baby face turned up luxuriously to catch the warmth.

The fact was, the wise one was waiting for Mollie, who had gone out a few hours before to execute divers commissions of a domestic nature.

"She might have been back in half the time," murmured the family sage, who sat on the carpet, flattening her small features against the glass. "She might have done what she has to do in less than half the time, but I knew how it would be when she went out. She is looking in at the shop windows and wishing for things I wish she wouldn't. People stare at her so, and I don't wonder. I am sure I cannot help watching her myself, sometimes. She grows prettier every day of her life, and she is beginning to know that she does, too."

Five minutes after this the small face was drawn away from the window-pane with a sigh of relief.

"There she is now. What a time she has been! Who is with her, I wonder? I cannot see whether it is Phil or Mr. Gowan, it is getting so dark. It must be Mr. Gowan. Toinette would be with them, if it was Phil."

"Why, Mollie," she exclaimed, when the door opened, "I saw somebody with you, and I thought it was Mr. Gowan. Why didn't he come in? Don't waken Tod."

Mollie came in rather hurriedly, and, going to the fire, knelt down before it, holding out her hands to warm them. Her cheeks were absolutely brilliant with color, and her eyes were bright. Altogether she looked as if she was a trifle excited, and had found her walk by no means an unpleasant one.

"It wasn't Mr. Gowan," she answered. "Ugh! how cold it is—not frost, you know, but that raw sort of cold, Aimee. I would rather have the frost myself, wouldn't you?"

But Aimee was not thinking of the weather.

"Not Mr. Gowan!" she ejaculated. "Who was it, then?"

Molly crept nearer to the fire and gave another little shudder.

"It was—somebody else," she returned, with a triumphant little half laugh. "Guess who!"

"Who!" repeated Aimee. "Somebody else! It was not any one I know."

"It was somebody Phil knows."

The wise one arose and came to the fire herself.

"It was some one taller than Brown!"

"Brown!" echoed Mollie, with an air of supreme contempt. "He is twice as tall. Brown is only about five feet high, and he wears an overcoat ten times too big for him, and it flaps about his odious little heels. I should think it wasn't Brown. It was a gentleman."

The wise one regarded her pretty, scornful face dubiously.

"Brown isn't so bad as all that implies, Mollie," she said. "His coat is the worst part of him. But if it wasn't Brown and it wasn't Mr. Gowan, who was it?"

Mollie laughed again, and shrugged her shoulders again, and then she looked up at her small inquisitor charmingly defiant.

"It was—Mr. Chandos!" she confessed.

Aimee gazed at her for a moment in blank amazement.

"But," she objected, "you don't know him any more than I do. You have only seen him once through the winter, and you have never been introduced to him."

"I have seen him twice," said Mollie. "Don't you recollect my telling you that he picked up my glove for me the night I carried Dolly's dress to Brabazon Lodge, and," faltering a little and dropping her eyes, "he introduced himself to me. He met me in town. I was passing through the Arcade, and he stopped to ask about Phil. He apologized, of course, you know, for doing it, but he said he was very anxious to know when Phil would be at home, and—and perhaps I would be so kind as to tell him. He wants to see him about a picture. And—then, you know, somehow or other, he said something else, and—and I answered him—and he walked to the gate with me."

"He took a great liberty," said Aimee. "And it was very imprudent in you to let him come. I don't know what you could be thinking of. The idea of picking up people in the street like that, Mollie; you must be crazy."

"I couldn't help it," returned Mollie, not appearing at all disturbed. "He knows Phil and he knows Dolly—a little. And he is very nice. He wants to know us all. And he says Mr. Gowan is one of his best friends. I liked him myself."

"I dare say you did," despairingly. "You are such a child. You would like the man in the moon or a Kaffre chief——"

"That is not true," interposed the delinquent. "I don't know about the man in the moon. He might be well enough—at any rate he would be traveled and a novelty, but Kaffre chiefs are odorous. Don't you remember those we saw last winter?"

"Mollie," said Aimee, "you are only jesting because you are ashamed of yourself. You know you were wrong to let that man come home with you."

Then Mollie hung her head and made a lovely repentant move.

"I don't care," she said; "if it wasn't exactly correct, it was nice. But that is always the way," indignantly, "nice things are always improper."

Here was a defection for you. The oracle quite shuddered in her discreet disapproval.

"I can go on in that way," she said, "you will be ending by saying that improper things are always nice."

"Never mind how I end," observed the prisoner at the bar. "You have ended by waking Tod," which remark terminated the conversation somewhat abruptly.

A day or so later came Chandos—upon business, so he said, but he remained much longer than his errand rendered necessary, and by some chance or other it came to pass that Phil brought him into the parlor, and introduced him to their small circle, in his amiable, informal manner. Then he was to be seen fairly, and prepossessing enough he was. Mollie sitting in her corner in the blue dress, and looking exquisite and guileless in her own inimitable style, was very demurely silent at first, but in due time Aimee began to see that she was being gradually drawn out, and at last the drawing out was such a success, subtle as it was, that she became quite a prominent feature in the party, and made so many brilliant speeches without blushing, that the family eyes began to be opened to the fact that she was really a trifle older than she had been a few years ago after all. The idea had suggested itself to them faintly on one or two occasions of late, and they were just beginning to grasp it, though they were fully as much startled, the truth was, as they would have been if Tod had unexpectedly roused himself from his infantile slumbers, and mildly but firmly announced his intention of studying for the ministry or entering a political contest.

Aimee was dumbfounded. She had not expected this. She was going to have her hands full it was plain. She scarcely wondered now at her discovery of two evenings before. And then she glanced shyly across the room again, and took it all in once more. Mollie, bewitching in all the novelty of her small effort at coquetry—Chandos leading her on, and evidently enjoying the task he had set himself intensely.

It was quite a new Mollie who was left to them after their visitor was gone. There was a touch of triumph and excitement in the pretty flushed face, and a gloss of defiance in the brown eyes. She was not quite sure that young Dame Prudence would not improve the occasion with a short homily.

So she was a trifle restless. First she stood at the window humming an air, then she came to the table and turned over a few sketches, then she knelt down on pretence of teazing Tod.

But impulse was too much for her. She forgot Tod in a few minutes and fell into a sitting position, folding her hands idly on the blue garment.

"I knew he would come," she said, abstractedly. Then Dame Prudence addressed her.

"Did you!" she remarked. "How did you?"

She started and blushed up her ears.

"How?" she repeated. "Oh, I knew!"

"Perhaps he told you he would," put in Dame P. "Did he?"

"Aimee," was the rather irrelevant reply, rather suddenly made, do you like him?"

"I never judge people," primly enunciated, "upon first acquaintance. First impressions are rarely to be relied upon."

"That is a nice speech," in her elder sister's most shockingly flippant manner, "and it sounds well, but I have heard it before—thousands of times. People always say it when they want to be specially disagreeable, and would like to cool you down. There is the least grain of Lady Augusta in you, Aimee."

"And considering that Lady Augusta is the most unpleasant person we know, that is a nice speech," returned the oracle.

"Oh, well, I only said 'a grain,' and a grain is not much."

"It is quite enough."

"Well," amiably, "suppose we say half a grain."

"Suppose we say you are talking nonsense.

Mollie's air was Dolly's own as she answered her—people always said she was oddly like Dolly, despite the fact that Dolly was not a beauty at all.

"There may be something in that," she said.

"Suppose we admit it and return to the subject. Do you think he is nice, Aimee?"

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do," but without getting rose-colored this time.

Aimee looked at her calmly, but with some quiet scrutiny in her glance.

"As nice," she put it to her, "as nice as Ralph Gowan."

She grew rose-colored then in an instant up to her ears again and over them, and she turned her face aside and plucked at the hearth-rug with nervous fingers.

"Well?" suggested Aimee.

"He is as handsome and—as tall, and he dresses as well."

"Do you like him as well?" said Aimee.

"Ye-es—no. I have not known him long enough to tell you."

"Well," returned Aimee, "let me tell you. As I said before, I do not think it wise to judge people from first impressions; but this I do know, I don't like him as I like Mr. Gowan, and I never shall. He is not to be relied upon, that Gerald Chandos; I saw it in his eyes."

And she set her chin upon her hand, and her small, round, fair face covered itself all at once with an anxious cloud.

She kept a quiet watch upon Mollie after this, and in the weeks that followed she was puzzled, and not only puzzled, but baffled outright many a time. The first visit of Mr. Gerald Chandos was not his last. His business brought him again and again, and when the time came that he had no pretence of business, he was on sufficiently familiar terms with them all to make calls of pleasure. So he did just as Ralph Gowan had done, slipped into his groove of friend and acquaintance unobtrusively and was made welcome as other people were—just as any sufficiently harmless individual would have been under the same circumstances. There was no dragon of high renown to create social disturbances in Vagabondia.

"As long as a man behaves himself, where's the odds?" said Phil, and no one ever disagreed with him.

But Mr. Gerald Chandos had scarcely been to the house more than three times before Aimee found cause to wonder. She discovered that Ralph Gowan was not so enthusiastically attached to him after all; and furthermore she had her reasons for thinking that Gowan was rather disturbed at his advent, and would have preferred that he had not been adopted so completely.

"If Dolly was at home," she said to herself, "I should be inclined to fancy he was a trifle jealous; and if he cared just a little more for Mollie, I might think he was jealous; but Dolly is away, and though he is fond of Mollie, and thinks her pretty, he doesn't care for her in that way exactly, so there must be some other reason. He is not the sort of person to have likes or dislikes without reason."

In her own sage style she approved of Ralph Gowan just as she approved of Griffith. And then, as I have said, Mollie puzzled her. It was astonishing how the child altered, and how she began to bloom out, and adopt odd, independent, womanly airs and graces. She took a new and important position in the household. From her post of observation the wise one found herself looking on with a smile sometimes, there was such a freshness in her style of enacting the role of beauty. She struck Phil's friend dumb now and then with her conscious power, and the unhappy Brown suffered himself to be led captive without a struggle.

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on Brown," Dolly had said months before, in a wretched attempt at parody; and certainly the tortures of Brown were prolonged and varied. But it was her manner toward Chandos that puzzled Aimee. Perhaps she was a little proud of his evident admiration; at all events, she seemed far from averse to it, and the incomprehensible part of the affair was that sometimes she actually hint to rival one, Ralph Gowan.

"And yet," commented Aimee, "she likes Ralph Gowan the best. She never can help blushing and looking conscious when he comes into the room with her, and she is as cool as Dolly when she finds herself with Chandos. It is very odd."

It was not so easy to manage her as it had used to be, Ralph Gowan discovered. She was growing capricious and fanciful and ready to take offence. If they were left alone together she would change her mood every two minutes. Sometimes she would submit to his old jesting, gallant speeches quite humbly and shyly for a while, and then she would flame out all at once in anger, half a woman's and half a child's. He was inclined to fancy now and then that she had never forgiven him for his first interference on the subject of Gerald Chandos, for at the early part of the acquaintance he did interfere, as he had promised Dolly he would.

"I am not glad to see that fellow here, Mollie, he had said, the first night he met him at the house.

She stood erect before him, with her white throat straight, and a spark in her eyes.

"What fellow?" she asked.

"Chandos," he answered, coolly and briefly.

"Oh!" she returned. "How is it that when one man dislikes another he always speaks of him as 'that fellow?' I know some one who always refers to you as 'that fellow.'"

"Do you?" dryly, as before. He knew very well who she meant.

"I am glad to see 'that fellow' here," she went on. "He is a gentleman, and he isn't stupid. No one else comes here who is so amusing. I am tired of Brown & Company."

"Ah!" he answered, biting his lip. He felt the relief if it was only Mollie who gave it him.

"Very well, then, if you are tired of Brown & Company, and would prefer to enter into partnership with Chandos, it is none of my business, I suppose. I will give you one warning, however, because I promised your sister to take care of you." Her skin flamed scarlet at that. "That fellow is not a gentleman exactly, and he is a very dangerous acquaintance for any woman to make."

"He is a friend of yours," she interrupted.

"That is a natural mistake on your part," he replied. "Natural, but still a mistake. He is not a friend of mine. As I before observed, he is not exactly a gentleman—not to put too fine a point upon it—in a moral point of view. We won't discuss the matter further."

They had parted horribly good friends that night. Mollie was restive under his cool decisiveness for various reasons, he was irritated, because he felt he had failed, and had lost ground instead of gaining it. So sometimes since, he had fancied that she had not wholly forgiven him, and yet there were times when she was so softly submissive that he felt himself in some slight danger of being as much touched and as fairly bewitched as he was when Dolly turned her attention to him. Still she was frequently far from being amiable, and upon more than one occasion he found her not precisely as polite as she might have been.

"You are not as amiable, Mollie," he said to her once, "as you used to be. We were very good friends in the old days. I suppose you are outgrowing me. I should be afraid to give you a bunch of camelias now as a token of my affection."

He smiled down at her indolently as he said it, and before he had finished he began to feel uncomfortable. Her eye-lids drooped and her head drooped, and she looked sweetly troubled.

"I know I am not as good as I used to be," she admitted. "I know it without being told. Sometimes," very suddenly, "I think I must be growing awfully wicked."

"Well," he commented, "at least one must admit that is a promising state of mind, and augurs well for future repentance."

She took her head.

"No, it doesn't," she answered him, "and that is the bad side of it. I am getting worse every day of my life."

"Is it safe," he suggested cynically; "is it safe for an innocent individual to cultivate your acquaintance? Would it not be a good plan to isolate yourself from society until you feel that the guileless ones may approach you without fear of contamination? You alarm me."

She lifted up her head, her eyes flashing.

"You are safe," she said, "so is it rather premature to 'wolf' so soon."

"It is very plain that you are outgrowing me," he returned. "Dolly herself could not have made a more scathing remark."

Ralph as he was of tormenting her, he did not want to try her too far, and so he endeavored to make friends. But his efforts at reconciliation were not a success. She was not to be coaxed into her sweet face again. Indeed she almost led him to fear that he had wounded her irreparably by his jests. And yet, when he at last consulted his watch and went to the side table for his hat and gloves, he turned round to find her large eyes following him in an odd, wistful sort of way.

"Are you going?" she asked him at length, a half r. fuctant appeal in her voice.

"I am due at Brabazon Lodge now," he answered.

She said no more after that, but relapsed into silence and let him go without making an effort to detain him, receiving his adieus in her most indifferent style.

But she was cross and low-spirited when he was gone, and Aimee, coming into the room with her work found her somewhat hard to deal with, and indeed was moved to tell her so.

"You are a most inexplicable girl, Mollie," she said. "What crotchet is troubling you now?"

"No crotchet at all," she answered, and then all at once she got up and stood before the mantel-glass, looking at herself fixedly.

"Aimee," she said, "if you were a man should you admire me?"

Aimee gave her a glance, and then answered her with sharp frankness.

"Yes, I should," she said.

She remained standing for a few minutes, taking a survey of herself, front view, side view, and even craning her pretty throat to get a glimpse of her back, and then a perfect sigh burst from her, and she sat down again at her sister's feet, clasping her hands about her knees in a most desperately unorthodox position.

"I should like to have a great deal of money," she said after awhile, and she frowned as she said it.

"That is a startling observation," commented Aimee, "and shows great singularity of taste."

Mollie frowned again, and shrugged one shoulder, but otherwise gave the remark small notice.

"I should like," she proceeded, "to have a carriage, and to live in a great house, and go to places. I should like to marry somebody rich," and having blurted out this last confession, she looked half ashamed of herself.

"Mollie," said Aimee, solemnly dropping her hands and her work upon her lap, "I am beginning to feel as Dolly does; I am beginning to be afraid you are going to get yourself into serious trouble."

Then this overgrown baby of theirs, who had so suddenly astonished them all by dropping her babyhood and asserting herself a woman, said something so startling that the wise one fairly lost her breath.

"If I cannot get what I want," she said deliberately, "I will take what I can get."

"You are going out of your mind," ejaculated Aimee.

"It doesn't matter if I am," cried the romantic little goose, positively crushing the oracle by breaking down all at once, and throwing herself upon the hearth-rug in a burst of tears. "It doesn't matter if I am. Who cares for me!"

(To be Continued.)

"Run Along, Now!"

The evening was bitter cold. Two children—a boy with a manly face and an expression of matured concern, as though someone had ever been dependent on him, and a pale-faced little girl—wandered around the streets of a Western city. They had been left by an immigrant train, having fallen asleep in the barn-like waiting-room, and owing to the hurry incident upon the departure no one thought of them. They begged the station-keeper to allow them to remain by the fire, but he discredited their story—declared that they had not been left by a train; that they had been in the city, and were "hanging around" to steal something. Everybody hurried along. No one had a kind look for the waifs. They went into the warm corridor of a hotel, but a man said:

"Run along, now. You don't want to be stopping here."

"We are nearly frozen," the boy replied, "and we want to get warm."

"Children ought to be home such weather as this. Your mother ought to know better than send you out."

"Our mother is dead, sir. She died two weeks ago, and we came away with people that are going south where it's warm, but the train has left us, and the man won't let us stay in the depot."

"Very good story, young fellow; but run along home. Parents that would send their children out to beg such weather as this should be punished."

"We are not begging."

"Run along there."

"Run along there."

They went into a restaurant.

"Run along there."

They went into a saloon where merry revelers sang wild songs, and where the maudlin man dropped a tear in his glass.

"Run along there," said the bartender, "this is no place for children."

"Let us warm ourselves," implored the boy, and he repeated his story.

"That's all very well, young man, but haven't I seen you around the streets begging many a time?"

"No, sir."

"I think I have. I'll bet you haven't taken no less than $10 home to-day. Run along."

Again they were in the freezing gloom.

"Oh, where will we wake in the morning?" came from the saloon and died on the air as the boy and his sister turned a corner."

"Don't cry, my little pet."

"I'm so cold."

"Yes, but we may find some place. Let us go back to the depot, and may be we can get on a train."

They wandered around in the blinding sleet.

"We are a long time getting there," said the girl.

"I believe we are lost," the brother replied. "Let us turn in here," and they went into a narrow alley and crouched down by a wall.

Ah, Mr. Humanity, because you have been a few times deceived; because you have sometime shown pity and afterwards found that it was ill-bestowed, you have hardened your heart.

Ah, Mr. Churchman, whose knees press the soft velvet at the time of prayer; you who see suffering with dry eyes, and read with moisture the "simple annals of the poor," scratch from your Bibles the heart-warming sentence, "Suffer little children to come unto Me"—scratch it out or you are a hypocrite.

"If I could smell the dog-wood blossoms by the porch, I wouldn't be so cold," said the little girl.

"It will be a long time before they bloom again, my pet."

"Will this cold weather kill the tree?"

"No, but it will be a long time before the summer comes."

"Can people in heaven look down and see the people on the earth?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then they couldn't."

"Why, pet?"

"Because, if mamma looks down and sees us, she wouldn't be happy any more."

He drew her closer to him. The neighbors' lights went out one by one. The sleet seemed to be conquering everything. The dog that had barked once on the hill was silent.

A cheerless, freezing morning broke. In an alley sat two rigid forms. The boy was in his shirt sleeves. He had put his tattered jacket around his little sister, and both were dead.—*Opie Read.*

In An Old Boston House.

Mr. Phlatterly (trying to make himself solid)—What s remarkably strong, manly face your grandfather had, Miss Phillips.

Miss Phillips—Pardon me, Mr. Phlatterly, but that's grandma.

A Wrong Diagnosis.

"He is very plainly dressed; but from his authoritative and commanding air I should say that he either has a large bank account, or is a General of the army."

"No, you're mistaken; he's an Irish policeman in citizen's clothes."

40 years' record of honorable dealing

40 years before an intelligent public

40 years' loyalty to our patrons

40 years of liberal and equitabl methods

40 years manufacturers and dealers

SPEAK STRONGER TO YOU THAN ANY WORDS OF OURS

R. S. Williams & Son

143 Yonge Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 1504

We have opened up our immense stock of

Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes

Which are unrivalled for style and quality. Kindly give us a call.

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523 YONGE STREET.

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GREAT SALE OF WHITNEY'S

Baby Carriages

Still continues with unabated success. Old carriages taken in exchange at the Great Baby Carriage Store.

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126 KING STREET EAST.

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(Late of New York)

Has fitted up a handsome parlor above Walton's Ladies Hair Dressing Rooms, 103 Yonge Street, up stairs, and will permanently

Remove all Superfluous Hair

from the face by a new method without pain. No capillaries used. Satisfaction guaranteed. References from leading physicians. Note the address—

103 Yonge Street, Up Stairs

Host to late guest—I'm delighted to see you. I hope you will enjoy yourself. My only regret is that the most popular people haven't come.

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AND

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Odd Traits of Great Men.

Sarti, the musician, composed only in darkness.

Turgot never worked but when he had dined heartily.

Bossuet worked in a cold room, with his head warmly enveloped.

It is said that Schiller, before composing put his feet in cold water.

Buffon wrote in lace ruffles; Alexander Dumas in his shirt sleeves.

Voltaire had in his room sometimes five desks, at which he pursued different tasks.

Milton composed his "Paradise Lost" on a large armchair, with his head thrown back.

Dr. Shapman relates that a celebrated advocate of London always applied a blister to his arm whenever he had an important case to plead.

Girodet never loved to work during the day. At night, when inspiration came to him, he arose, lighted candles, and, half muffled up, painted.

Guido Reno painted with much pomp. He dressed himself magnificently, and had his pupils attend him in silence ranged around him.

The great romancer, Balzac, after a frugal dinner at six or seven o'clock, was called at midnight, when he took a cup of black coffee and worked till noon.

When Fox had eaten heartily he would retire to his study, envelop his head in a napkin soaked in vinegar and water and work sometimes ten hours in succession.

Pitt never ate but at his own table, which was frugal. Only when he had some important affair to discuss he took a little port wine with a spoonful of Peruvian bark.

The historian, Mezeray, would work only with a candle, even at midday and midsummer. He never failed to wait on his visitors, even to the street, with a candle in his hand.

Jeremy Bentham jotted his ideas on little squares of paper, which he placed upon each other, and this pile of little papers stitched together was the first forms of his manuscripts.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Rubens, passed from the chisel to the pen or the brush. The change rested them from the preceding work, and thus, during long life, they accomplished marvelous works.

Addison speaks of an advocate who would never plead a case without having his hand to the end of a thread drawn tightly round one of his thumbs all the time his speech lasted. The wags said it was the thread of his discourse.

Napoleon had his particular mode of meditation and work. When he was not in council he stayed in his study, talked to himself, and sung, or, like a child, cut the arms of his chair; then, suddenly rousing up, would give the plan of a monument to be erected, or of one of the great military movements which astonished the world.

The editor of this paper pays as he goes, and this is the oddest trait of all.

Plain Girls Preferred.

The other day I went to a typewriting school and I witnessed the neglect of a plain girl, who evidently found it difficult to conceal her mortification, writes Clara Belle in the *Philadelphia Press*. I was in the room with the proprietor when he asked her to come in.

"I suppose there is no use my asking you, sir," she said, "but since I have waited I will say that I am seeking occupation as a typewriter."

"Do you understand the business?" he asked.

"I am said to be very rapid," she said. "I have been five years at the calling."

"Will you accept $15 a week to act as stenographer and typewriter to Vice-President So-and-so, of the ——— oil company!

Her eyes changed color. They brightened almost into flame.

"Fifteen dollars!" she said; "I only got $10, sir, and then only for a year before the firm I was with failed."

The arrangement or bargain was quickly made. Before she left the girl asked, "Will you tell me why you saw me last though I was the first to come?"

"I'd rather not," said the employer.

"Did all the others secure places?" she asked.

"No one but you was taken," he said.

She went away wondering. When she had gone the proprietor turned to me and said:

"That is both a sensitive and a sensible girl. She thought she was left to the last because her face and dress are plain. She is right. This is the day of the homely girl. The beauty, the belle, the dress girl all are at a discount in this business, and we have resolved never to employ another pretty girl if we can employ a homely one.

"The reason is as plain as the nose on your face," he continued; "the wives have interfered. Every married man is visited at his office by his wife more or less frequently. If she finds him elbow to elbow or face to face with a pretty coquette every time she comes, she is certain to make life more or less unpleasant for him. Some women in such cases 'take it out' at home, as the saying goes, but I have had men tell me that their wives were forever popping in on them, and practically never missed a day without a call at their offices.

"These business men, nearly all men pick up a bouquet or box of candy or some little knick-knack now and then to gladden the life of the girl at their elbow. Imagine the state of the wife who finds that the flowers she sees on her husband's desk were put there by him when he has told her ten thousand times that he has hated flowers from infancy! Oh, no; there is no show for the pretty girl in business in New York to day. Those who got place ago are being crowded out, and new ones are being taken on."

Clara Is Improving Her Mind.

Clara—Oh, Marie! you don't know what you've missed by not joining Professor Muhlbach's French history class. It's intensely interesting. I had to coax and coax before I could join, the lectures are so awfully expensive; but at last poor dear pa could not help seeing how instructive they would be and what an advantage to me.

Marie—What was the subject of the first?

Clara—The first—why—let me think—oh, I could not listen to a word of it. That horrid Green girl, the one Charlie has become so infatuated about, sat just in front of me. I studied her for a whole hour, and I can't see that she has the least attraction.

Marie—What was the last lecture about?

Clara—Why, yes, of course—it was—why you know—bother!—I can't remember. It was too aggravating; little Mrs. Crocus had on a spring bonnet, and do you know, I was not quite near enough to be sure, but I could almost swear it was the same one her cousin from Philadelphia wore here once last season just before her husband died.

"I'll hunt you up Professor Muhlbach's prospectus."

How Could She?

Little Emilie—Just how long was Lent, auntie?

Auntie—Forty days, dearie.

Little Emilie—Forty days!—didn't you reckon the nights, too?

Auntie (slowly and dreamily)—Not all of them.

A Paper That Takes the Shine Off.

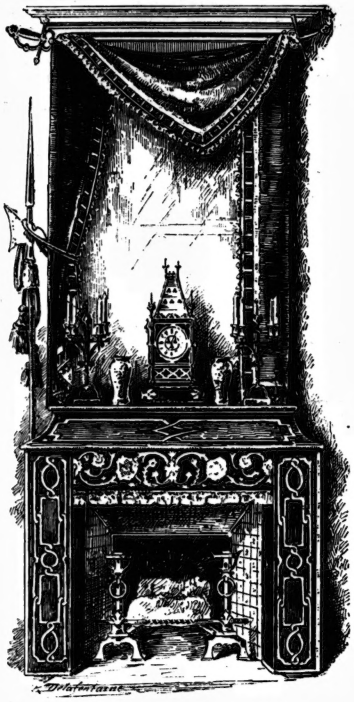
Hopeful—Father, I know a paper that will take the shine out of any one it comes in contact with.

Pop—What is it, SATURDAY NIGHT?

"No."

"What paper, then?"

"Sand paper."



Interior Decorations---French Chimneypiece and Overmantle.

Robbing the Opposition Infant.

Mr. Jamieson's prohibition motion at once aroused the ire of Mr. Mills, who claimed for himself and the Opposition the sole credit for any steps which had been taken in the direction of temperance. Mr. Jamieson, he said, was insincere, and his motion one by means of which he was endeavoring to get votes to which neither he (Jamieson) or the Tory party had any just claim.—*Daily Paper.*

Their Wedding Journey.

He (impecunious gentleman of leisure)—I was sorry at being called out yesterday and leaving you to pay the minister. What did he ask you?

She ($40,000 a year)—He asked me who you were.

He—Well?

She—And when I told him, he said he didn't feel justified in charging me more than two dollars.

Women's and Men's Rights.

A man whose good nature was sowed early in youth has prepared the following tabulated statement:

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A seat in the horse car under all circumstances.
Seal skin sacques, etc.
The privilege of lying in bed till the fire is built.
To demand of a shop-keeper that any article she wants be sold at half its original cost.
To bring her mother home to live with the family.
The custody of the night key.
To talk.
To ask for anything she happens to desire.
The last word.

MEN'S RIGHTS.

They haven't any.

Do I Love You?

Do I love you? Do I love you?
Ask the heavens that bend above you,
To find language and to prove you
If they love the living sun.

Ask the burning, blinding meadows
If they love the falling shadows—
If they hold the happy shadows
When the fervid day is done.

Ask the blue-bells and the daisies,
Lost amid the hot field-mazes,
Lifting up their thirsty faces
If they love the Summer rains.

Ask the linnets and the plovers,
In the nest-life made for lovers—
Ask the bees and ask the clovers—
Will they tell you for your pains?

Do I, darling, do I love you?
What, I pray, can that behove you?
How in Love's name can I move you?
When for Love's sake I am dumb?

If I told you, if I told you,
Would that keep you, would that hold you,
Here at last when I enfold you?
If it would—hush! darling, come!

Aiming at Originality.

St. Louis Book Dealer (to customer)—In selecting a library, madam, you will, of couse, want a set of Dickens' works, complete?

Mrs. Ipple River—No, I think not. Everybody has Dickens' works.

Mediæval.

Clothilde (a new acquisition)—No, madame, zair air no cards, but one vair distingue shentlemens he come.

Mrs. Beacon—Was he young?

Clothilde—No, madame, a shentlemens of ze middle ages.

BRIDGET, who was at the door?"

"A b'y from the milliner's, mum, wid bill fer a spring hat."

"I have ordered nothing at the milliner's, Bridget."

"No mum; it's fer me-self."

Soon will the school boys venture into the wood on Saturdays, and, when you hear a yell that sounds like the screech of a saw-mill whistle at noon, you will know that some newcomer has been cajoled into biting into the May apple, that turns out to be an Indian turnip.

Mr. Damper makes a somewhat erratic entree into his bedroom at 3 a.m.

Mrs. Damper (scornfully)—Is that you, Damper?

Damper—Why, shershingly! Wush you expextshing anybody elsh?

Recent Convert—If a man does me an injury I suppose I ought to reward him, oughtn't I?

Good pastor—It would show the right spirit.

"Making him a little present would do, wouldn't it?"

"That would certainly heap coals of fire on his head."

"Suppose instead of a man it's an animal?"

"It should make no difference."

"Well, your dog has been snapping at me every time I pass, and this morning I made him a present of something we've valued for many years. It's a tin kettle. You'll find him somewhere in the next county."

HATS

FOR THE

Little Ones

With all our chat about Men's Silk and Felt Hats, we must not forget to tell our friends that we always keep in stock A COMPLETE STOCK OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HATS AND CAPS. Boys' Knockabouts, 50c. and 75c. Soft Felt Hats at 75c. Derbys at $1.25 and upwards.

Children's Jockey Caps, Tam O'Shanters, Polos, Fez, and Navy Peak Caps with badges. First-class goods and very low prices.

W. & D. DINEEN

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES

When the Philanthropist starts to accomplish some good
If he's earnest, energetic and straight
You can make up your mind he will surely succeed
In spite of that which we call fate.
He works early and late, with never a thought
Of troubles he is certain to meet,
He maps out his course and goes straight ahead
Nor pauses to dream of defeat.

I appeal to the ladies to lend their support
To the movement which all must endorse,
Viz: Close the stores early; give the clerks a fair chance.
You approve? Well, I thought so of course.
Now come early to Dorenwend's, select what you wish
In bangs, waves, or in fancy goods rare
Or in switches and pins, magnificent fans,
Wonderous "Magic" if for that you should care.

Don't postpone till six what you might do at four
Nor till twelve the shopping for ten.
The clerks will all bless you and serve with delight
When Dorenwend's you visit again.
So let me repeat if you wish to assis
The patient, industrious clerk,
Pray think of the wearisome hours they pass
And your duty I'm sure you'll not shirk

The proprietor of the Paris Hair Works is strongly in favor of the measure for Early Closing, and it depends almost entirely upon the general public whether this custom should be observed. Let the ladies lend their aid and the gentlemen will be sure to follow in the effort to secure reasonable hours for the clerks. Remember that Dorenwend's latest spring styles are just at hand and should be examined.

A. DORENWEND

PARIS HAIR WORKS,

103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

H. S. MORISON & CO.

218 Yonge Street, cor. Albert

SPECIAL SILK SALE

Having bought "in Bond" a consignment of Dress Silks, which were late in delivery, at a large discount, we propose to give the benefit to our Customers.

COLORED SATIN MOIRES

in all the leading shades, at 75c.—cheap at $1.25.

COLORED SATIN MERVS

at 75c.—regular price $1. A choice line of

HEAVY COLORED MERVS

pure Silk, at $1—well worth $1.40. A very special line of

BLACK GROS GRAIN SILKS

at $1, which are extra good value for $1.75. Ladies, don't miss this grand opportunity of securing an elegant Silk Dress for very little money. No such values ever offered in Toronto.

We have also engaged this week an extra number of competent Dressmakers, so that Dress orders may be completed without unreasonable delays.

DRESS AND MANTLEMAKING AN ART WITH US

H. S. MORISON & CO.

The Ladies' Tailors, successors to J. Pittman & Co

Society.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

While on the subject of the Grand, and since Mr. Sheppard has shown himself ready to do anything he can to afford comfort to those attending the theatre, I have one or two suggestions to offer. Firstly, that some sort of decent smoking room would be a great boon to those who never go to the theatre without indulging in a cigarette between the acts, and who at present suffer from the draughts and discomfort of the outer hall. Should not every encouragement be given to the lovers of the weed! for in the words of a great playwright and poet, "He who smokes thinks like a sage, and acts like a Samaritan." Secondly, could not arrangements be made whereby some sort of light refreshment, such as coffee and ice cream at all events, could be procured for ladies in the house. I recommend these proposals to the consideration of the management.

•

On Wednesday, since it was the last official reception day of the season, numbers of people called at Government House to pay their final respects to Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell. This was a social attention which the Lieutenant-Governor and his charming daughter deserved in no small degree. The brilliancy of the past season has to a great extent been due to the excellent entertainments set by the leaders of society at Government House. One large and magnificent ball, several smaller dances and dinner parties innumerable, besides a constant attendance on the part of the ladies of the household at all events, at all kinds of entertainment, both public and private. In such a worthy manner has society been led by its proper and official leaders. Since the chief functions of Government House are of a social nature, and Sir Alexander has done his very best in this line, Toronto people are more than satisfied with their Lieutenant-Governor's first year, and wish him equal success in the future.

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Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Eden Heward who have been staying in Montreal with the Hon. Donald McInnes, have returned to town.

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Miss May Jones and Mr. Gordon Jones have come back to town having been making a short tour to Boston, Washington, and New York. They have returned, alas! without their guest and traveling companion, Miss Ross, who has sailed for England in the Umbria.

•

From Montreal we hear that Ravenscraig, the princely home of the Allan family, was *en fete* last Wednesday in honor of the wedding of Miss Mabel, the youngest daughter of the late Sir Hugh Allan, to Mr. Colin Campbell. The groom is a son of the late Seigneur of St. Hilaire, and is well known in Montreal society. The marriage ceremony took place in St. Andrew's church, and was attended by the cream of society folks in the commercial capital. Over three hundred invitations were sent out, the majority of which were accepted. The interior decorations of the church with flowers was a sight never to be forgotten, nothing that can compare with it in magnificence has ever been attempted before in Canada, the whole affair, indeed, being carried out in a manner appropriate to the high position of the Allans as leaders in the *haute monde* of Montreal. The bridesmaids were the Misses White of Quebec and Miss Edith Allan, sister of the bride. The groom was attended by Mr. Bruce Campbell, Mr. Robert Campbell, Mr. Bryce Allan and Mr. Charles Monk. The bride was given away by Mr. Montague Allan. After the conclusion of the marrige ceremony the happy couple drove to Ravenscraig, where a reception was held from four to five. The bride's trousseau, presented by her brother, was a marvel of beauty and elegance. The other wedding presents were both rich and costly. Amongst other things were a solid silver tea service, a solid silver toilet set, a diamond necklace and bracelet, and a silver five-o'clock tea service. A handsome dogcart and harness was a fitting souvenir from the bachelor friends of the bridegroom. Besides many other presents, too numerous to be detailed here, was a handsome thoroughbred saddle horse, with saddle and bridle, the groom's present to the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left during the afternoon for an extended tour through the States.

•

In reply to F. A. G.'s post card from Oshawa, we have much pleasure in giving the following information: The Art Fair will last about ten days, possibly even twelve. The picture gallery opens some days before the fair begins and will remain open until after it is over.

•

The Church street cars from the Walker House, along Front street and across King street, run past the doors of the Granite rink, which is at the corner of Church and Wellesley streets.

Baptist College Convocation.

The closing exercises of the Toronto Baptist college were held in Bloor street Baptist church Thursday evening. Addresses were given by the four graduates, Messrs. S. J. Arthur, Charles H. Phillimore, David Reddick and S. Sheldon. Mr. Arthur spoke on the Province of the Pulpit, Mr. Phillimore on Rationalism Unnatural, Mr. David Reddick, B.A., on the Divinity of Christ, and Mr. Sheldon on the Church and the Masses. Misses Thomson and Watson and Messrs. Bilton and M'lls furnished the musical part of the programme.

Personal.

Mrs. Wm. Hamilton Merritt, Mrs. George Harman and family, Mrs. Risley and Mrs. Prince, of this city, are guests at the Arlington, Cobourg.

Last Monday evening the Church of Christ, on Denison avenue, was well filled by friends and well wishers of the first couple ever married within its walls. The contracting parties were Miss Hattie Post, daughter of the late Jordan Post of Pickering, Ont., and Mr. W. J. Forrester, of the firm of W. B. Malcolm & Co., of this city, the ceremony being performed by Mr. J. R. Gaff, pastor of the church. The bride looked charming in a fawn satin merveilleux dress, and was attended by her nieces, Miss Smith, daughter of G. B. Smith, M.P.P., and Miss Hattie Wilson. Mr. D. L. Sinclair acted as groomsman. Among those present were Mrs. G. M. Wilson, Mr. G. B. Smith, M.P.P. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. W. Forrester, Miss Forrester Mr. James Beaty, ex-M.P., Mrs. Beaty, Mr. Noble Smith. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Malcolm, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Barclay, Mrs. McCullough, the Misses Black, Culp, Logan and Reid. The happy couple received the congratulations of a large number of friends who were present.

Music.

One of the most enjoyable piano recitals ever given in Toronto was that arranged by Messrs. Suckling & Sons, which took place on Thursday, April 19th, at the Pavilion, and at which Madame Teresa Carreno once more tested her well-earned popularity in Toronto. The audience was large and very fashionable both in the tardiness of its appearance and its fidelity to sumptuary rules. Mme. Carreno has often played in Toronto since her first appearance as a slender beautiful girl with Carlotta Patti. She was even then, in her extreme youth, a pianist of wonderful resources of both technique and sentiment. In the years that have gone past since, she has lost neither beauty nor art, and I verily believe that as many people go to-day to see the beautiful woman, as to hear the great artist. Of course the professional element was largely in attendance, as those studying music. For these the programme, covering a variety which ranged from Beethoven to Liszt, was a great treat.

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That her playing should have interested the mere amusement-seekers as it did speaks volumes for the diversified interest of its numbers and for the ability and versatility of the pianist. Beethoven was represented by the Sonata Appassionata, one of his most trying compositions, in that it has acquired a conventional interpretation, departures from which offend musicians, while performers are still expected to show individuality. Mme. Carreno generally ignores conventionality, and allows her strongly poetic and enthusiastic temperament to color her playing, and in this sonata, while the claims of Beethoven held her in restraint, her own personality was largely predominant.

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The andante con moto was not played as one might have expected from the Venezuelan. Either she was tired or had not yet warmed up to her work—anyway, it was cold, and in the presto she was too much presto. This last movement has been aptly compared to a gentle summer rain, with occasional claps and mutterings of thunder. The speed at which it was played destroyed this illusion, and the crescendos of the rolling thunder were not brought out as they should be. The sonata was followed by four numbers from Chopin, in which the artist was very much at home, and which she played most delightfully. How often one hears Chopin played all woolly and foggy. Carreno always gives him to us with liquid clearness and pearly crispness. Later in the evening she played as an encore the Chopin berceuse, of which I, for one, never tire.

•

Her first performance on Thursday evening occupied exactly fifty minutes and was quite a test of physical endurance, and still more of endurance of artistic feeling and interpretative power. Of her other performances I enjoyed the Vogrich staccato caprice most. It was not one gem, but a shower of gems. The MacDowell concert study possesses some interest from the fact that the composer was her pupil, and a very promising one. He is now in Germany hard at his studies. The second Liszt Rhapsodie is the most heroic of these creations of the great master, and I have heard Mme. Carreno play it much better than she did on this occasion. She did not display her usual largeness of phrasing, nor did she work up the often gigantic climaxes that I have admired so much at former concerts. Coming at the end of a tremendous programme, played entirely from memory, this was not to be wondered at.

•

The programme was relieved by songs from Mme. D'Auria and Mr. Schuch, and by a violin solo by Mons. Boucher. The lady sang Bel Raggio with considerable facility of execution and with a good, correct style. Her voice on this occasion, however, lacked sweetness and richness of tone, but admirably answered the demands of compass and intonation made upon it. As an encore she sang Why, a song composed by her husband who also played her accompaniments. A like service was performed by Mme. Boucher for her husband who played Sarasate's Zigeunerweisen with brilliant execution, but also with a lack of tonal power and roundness. A recall was warmly accorded him, to which he responded. Mr. Schuch was not in good voice, but gave an artistic interpretation of two fine new songs, The Captive by Moir, and More and More by Tosti, the latter being an encore. Mr. D. E. Fralick played Mr. Schuch's accompaniments.

•

The Toronto Vocal society will give their last concert for the season on Tuesday next in the Pavilion Music hall. The programme will comprise some of the best specimens of unaccompanied part-songs given by one hundred voices, and amongst the selections will be Mendelssohn's Judge Me, O God! (by special request); The Lost Chord; Bishop's celebrated Gypsy Chorus from the second act of Guy Mannering, a very pretty arrangement of the old Irish song, The Cruiskeen Lawn; Hesurgam, by Henry Leslie; Benedict's Hunting Song, and The Merry World is Free, by Pinsuti. Mrs. Luther, Mrs. J. C. Smith and Mr. Clarence Hay of Boston will be the soloists. Lovers of music can see for themselves that the programme will be one of the choicest of the season.

•

One of the musical events of next week will be the visit of the Schubert quartette on Monday, April 30, at Elm street Methodist church. This quartette is an organization which reflects great credit on its attempts in the most perfect and artistic manner. There is a patient attention given to matters of detail which is in pleasant contrast to the mass of concerted music given nowadays, and which consists of compositions that have received but a superficial attention at the hands of indifferent singers. Those who patronize the Schubert quartette will have a musical treat.

•

A new aspirant for public favor appeared on the scene on Tuesday evening at the Association hall. It was no less than a new orchestra with old players, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., and calling itself the Y. M. C. A. orchestra. Precisely why the Y. M. C. A. wants a concert orchestra, I do not see, especially as most of the players in this body are already playing in Mr. Torrington's orchestra, where they can get good training and plenty of hard work and experience. However, there they were and there they played at their opening concert under the direction of Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge. They played fairly well, and did themselves and him a certain amount of credit. It seems to me, however, that such an orchestra, to establish a reason for its existence, should play with excellence, not with merely fair execution. If it were a local or a parochial affair it would be different, and less would be expected of it. But under the auspices of a body, one of whose purposes is the purveying of healthy amusements, I, for one, look for excellence, and this attribute was not *en evidence* on Tuesday night.

•

There is in Toronto, on all sides, musically speaking, too much of an easy self-satisfaction. People whom we hear and see every day or every week appear in a new guise, and because their friends applaud and the daily papers don't care a button, favorable opinions are expressed by the auditors and believed by the performers. This in itself is not bad, but it has the pernicious result that the performers think everything is rosy, and progressive effort is dropped, when a little wholesome setting to rights and consequent dread of the critics would make them feel that there are yet for them undiscovered countries in the realms of art. How absurd it is, when you look at it a little closely, for one man to gather instrumentalists about him, and after two seasons of weary training to bring them to a point of excellence and to find that another man then takes say half of them and calls them by another name, and lo! and behold! we have another orchestra!

•

At this concert Miss Geikie played Dankla's Sixth Air Varie very acceptably, and Mr. Arlidge of course on the flute is *facile princeps*. He always plays well and was warmly encored. Songs were fairly sung by Messrs. Taylor, Curren and Sparks. Miss Thomson, to the regret of everyone, was ill, and her place was taken on short notice by Miss Langstaff, who sang Daddy and Tit for Tat very well indeed, being recalled after each event, and responding the last time with the popular Lullaby from Erminie. The traditions of the Y. M. C. A. were somewhat violated by the performance of the quarrel scene from Julius Cæsar by Messrs. Kavanagh and Kleiser. This is the thin end of the wedge, gentlemen! A reading or recitation by one person is unquestionably admissible, but if two, why not three or ten or thirty! and if so many, why not have scenery and costumes! Not that I object, but when principles are laid down, and those who do not agree to those principles are frowned upon, it is well to remember somebody's remark about consistency being a jewel.

•

Among the musical gossip that is floating on the air, it is worthy of mention that Dr. Louis Maas of Boston will give a piano recital at the Pavilion on Saturday, May 12. Dr. Maas is one of the leading pianists of America and a treat may be expected, especially as coming at that time comparisons with other pianists may be made. In the same month Mr. Harry Field will give a recital, an event of more than ordinary interest, as that gentleman has not been heard in public since his return from Germany. He will have a tower of strength in the attraction afforded by Miss Agnes Huntington, the popular contralto, who will assist him. The Philharmonic society will sing Sullivan's Golden Legend and Mackenzie's Jubilee Ode on Tuesday, May 8, with Mme. Giulia Valda, Miss Alma Dell Martin, Mr. Whitney Mockridge and Mr. Charles Prehn as soloists.

•

The agitation concerning the Queen's park has reacted on the Conservatory of Music, which had bought Mr. Irving Walker's beautiful house and grounds on Yonge street, College avenue, intending to build a handsome school edifice in front. Owing to the present attitude of the University Senate the Conservatory cannot be sure of a frontage with ingress, egress and regress on the avenue, and in the meantime the scheme is between the deil and the deep sea. This is to be regretted, as between the Conservatory and the Ontario Society of Artists a handsome building would have been erected. Mr. J. W. F. Harrison now leaves the Jarvis street Baptist church and takes the choir and organ at St. Simon's.

•

Miss H. L. Cheney will sing Gethsemane at St. James' Cathedral on Sunday evening. It is the first time this piece has ever been given in Toronto.

METRONOME.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

Kieran, at Toronto, on the 23rd inst., Mrs. Kieran—a son
Dickson, at Parkdale, on the 25th inst., Mrs. R. O. Dickson—a son
Wilkes, at Hymeham, Brantford, 21st inst., Mrs. A. J. Wilkes—a daughter
Webster, at Toronto, on the 21st inst., Mrs. F. T. Webster—a daughter
Cassidy, at Toronto, on the 20th inst., Mrs. J. F. Cassidy—a son
Elder, at Corunna, on the 23rd inst., Mrs. D. T. Elder—a daughter
Jeffrey, at Toronto, on the 20th inst., Mrs. Andrew Jeffrey—a son.
Winchester—at Parkdale, on the 25th inst., Mrs. Jno. Winchester—a son
Abrey, at Toronto, on the 15th inst., Mrs. C. W. Abrey—a son
Wyld, at Toronto, on the 18th inst., Mrs. R. C. Wyld—a son

Marriages.

Miles—McKinnon, at Oakhaw, city, by Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D. D., Bessie T., daughter of S. F. McKinnon, Esq., to Edward Arthur Miles of Walkerton
Ridout—Higgins, at Toronto, by the Rev. Rev. Vicar Gen. Cooney, assisted by Rev. Father McEntee of Whitby, Honace Reginald Ridout of Montreal to Margaret, daughter of W. H. Higgins
Scagel—MacKay, at Toronto, by the Rev. J. Neill, B. A., C. J Scagel of Windsor, to Fannie, eldest daughter of A. G. MacKay
Cudney—Stanton, at Berlin, by Rev. Rural Dean Smith, Frederick St. Cudney of Galt, to Nellie, youngest daughter of the late Chas. Stanton. No cards
Collingwood—Douglass, on the 19th, at Holy Trinity, by Rev. Jno. Pearson, H. D. Collingwood to Jennie Douglass of Toronto.
Forrester—Post, at the West End Christian church, on the 24th inst., by Rev. J. R. Gaff, pastor, W. J. Forrester to Hattie Post, all of Toronto

Deaths.

Durrant, John, 24th inst., at Toronto, aged 75 years
Price, James, 22nd inst., at Toronto, aged 76 years
Elmore, Kate Louise, 24th inst., at Parkdale
Hamilton, Louisa A., 22rd inst., at Collingwood, aged 80 years
Catchpole, H. M., 22rd inst., at Hamilton, aged 62 years
Bertram, Rev. James, 7th inst., at Liverpool, Eng., aged 59 years.
Yeandle, William, 25th inst., at Toronto, aged 58 years
Rust, Millicant Ann, 23rd inst., at Toronto, aged 69 years
Lazier, Leonora E., 23rd inst., at Hamilton, aged 6 years
Blackey, James, 25th inst., at Toronto, aged 72 years
Wilson, Sarah Ann (Annie) 21st inst., at Toronto
Heron, Andrew, 21st inst., at Toronto, aged 88 years
Crowther, James, 23rd inst., at Toronto
Prittie, Annie May, 22nd inst., at Toronto, aged 7 years
White, Hon. Thomas, P. C., M. P., 21st inst., at Ottawa, aged 57 years

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

The death of the Homeville member for Cardwell has had the effect of stopping for a time at least many social events, some of which had even been announced. The ball at Government House, which was to have taken place on Thursday night, has been postponed till next week, and lesser events of a similar character have been postponed or dropped altogether. The demise of the Minister of the Interior was scarcely a less disaster socially than it was politically. It has closed up one of the most hospitable homes in Ottawa and withdrawn from every social event a number of girls possessing much natural ability, who were on every occasion where cleverness and adaptability were required, a host in themselves. Two of the late Minister's daughters took part in the recent theatricals at Rideau hall, others of them were prominent contributors in the Fayre of the Olden Tyme, which was being held the week their father fell ill with the malady that carried him off. They are clever amiable and energetic girls who will be very much missed in Ottawa society. There can be no doubt that the loss is to be a permanent one as I am informed the family will return to Montreal just as soon as affairs can be settled here.

I heard an interesting story of Lady Lansdowne to-day. The other evening a newsboy was run over by a street car and mortally injured. He was carried to the hospital and there he died the following morning. Her lady-ship heard of the case and on learning that the lad had died, sent the undertook to break the news to the little fellow's mother. She walked to the humble home of the lad and revealed the dire news with most consumate delicacy, staying for a long time offering consolation to the bereaved mother. It is only another evidence of the tender heart which has endeared her ladyship to the entire population of Ottawa.

Among the other events which the mourning for Mr. White's death has postponed are Sir John's Saturday dinners, the weekly dinners of the Minister of Justice, and the Speaker's banquet, which was to have been held on Tuesday night.

A net sum of $2,000 was realized out of ye Fayre of Olden Tyme, and this added to the sum of $2,500 raised last year, makes a tidy lot of nations. The success of these ventures have put the ladies in a position to enter at once on the materialization of the hopes of forming a soldiers' and sailors' convalescent home and hospital. There has been a great deal of grumbling at some of the methods adopted to gain this sum. One plan was to induce a gentleman to put his feet in the stocks, which were set up as a reminiscence of the days of old. Once the foolish man had permitted the disgraceful billets to enclose his legs, he was undone because his liberty was set at a fabulous price. In one case a member of Parliament had to pay $14 to secure his release. The ladies were in charge of these instruments of torture, and once they had their claws on a sinner saltpetre could not save him. As he supposed there was a deal of subsequent kicking over this proceeding. Wives of gentlemen who were thus exposed to public scorn were particularly annoyed, and I heard one indignant matron use the term "brazen huzzies." However, when the highly commendable purpose for which the fayre was organized is remembered, perhaps the final judgment will be that all is fair in love, war and charity fairs. WATCHMAN.

LONDON.

The social event of the last few days was the first of a series of conversaziones given by the new art society, the Western Art League. It was held at Canable Place, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, who fittingly discharged the duties of host and hostess on this the occasion of the society's first social. The evening was a representative one of members of the league, and of musical circles generally. The lists of guests includes the names of Mayor Cowan, Sheriff and Mrs. Glass, Ald. Callard, Rev. and Mrs. E. N. English, Mr. and Mrs. John Labatt, Rev. I. V. Smith, W. H. Bartram, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass, Mrs. C. G. Moore, Prof. J. R. Leavey, Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, Mr. W. C. Barron and many others. The evening was most pleasantly enlivened by music, tableaux, crayon sketches and recitations. The tableaux in particular were capitally gotten up and fully met the expectations of the spectators, while a topical song on the work of the league scored an instant and decided success.

Wednesday last a large drive whist party was given by Mrs. Larmour, Queen's avenue. Amongst those present, were Sir William and Lady Young, Col. and Mrs. Jackson, Col. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bayly, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Barker, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. Macie, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Woods, Dr. and Mrs. Niven, Miss Harris, Mrs. Fraser.

Mrs. and Miss Cronyn have just returned from Florida, the latter looking much better for her lengthy sojourn in the sunny south. Mrs. and Miss Straw-Wood from a six months' visit to the Bermudas, and Miss Waddell and Mrs. Hammond, who for the past two months have been visiting relatives in Montreal.

WOODSTOCK.

The large party given by Mrs. Parker of Norwood last Thursday evening was a great success in every way, the music, floor and supper being all that could be desired. Amongst other guests from a distance who enjoyed the hospitality of this charming hostess were Miss MacMahon and Miss Tisdale of Simcoe, Mrs. Bryden of Collingwood. Mr. Drummond and Mr. Strachan of Goderich, Mr. Jones and Mr. Blind of London, Mr. McKeown of Stratford, and Mr. Noxon and Mr. Hopkins of Ingersoll.

Mrs. Nilson of Wellington street gave a very pleasant little card party on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Tisdale who has been her guest for some days.

The Opera company is more than preparing the Mikado which is to be produced on the 2nd and 3rd of May. I have no doubt, judging from the rapid strides they are making in stage work and effects, this opera will be the best ever given, and that is saying a great deal. The three little maids are "quite too sweet for anything," and all the other principal parts are being exceptionally well taken.

The many friends of Mr. George Cameron will be delighted to hear he is improving in health every day, he will soon be leaving Mt. Clemens to join his brother in Winnipeg.

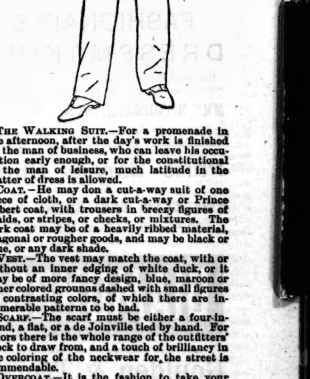
BARRIE.

Mrs. Baker gave a Junior party last Thursday evening, the 19th. A very pleasant evening was spent. There were present Miss Bouchier of the Balteaux, Miss Stewart, Miss Spotton, Miss Spry, Miss Pilsworth, Miss B. Pilsworth of Toronto, Miss E. Ardagh, Miss H. Boys, Miss Hall of Toronto, Mr. McVittie, Mr. S. Brydges, Mr. Kortright, Mr. W. Spry, Mr. Gillett, Mr. Campbell, Mr. C. Bird, Mr. E. Spotton.

At the Thespians' entertainment in the town hall on the 24th, H. J. Byron's play, Our Boys, was presented to a large audience. Too much praise cannot be given to the amateurs who represented the different characters as well. The part of Perkyn Middlewick was most satisfactorily handled by Capt. Andros. Mr. S. J. Sanford was successful as Chas. Middlewick. Messrs. Lloyd, Spotton, Spry and Smith pleased the audience in their different roles. Mrs. Sanford as Mary Meirose, A. J. Lloyd as Violet Melrose, Mrs. MacKidd as Clarissa Champneys, took their respective parts excellently and were warmly received. Mrs. Nicholson as Belinda was, however, the star of the evening. The orchestra, under the leadership of Major Ward, played some excellent selections. The new scenery added much to the success of the play.

VERITAS.

Gentlemen's Fashions.



THE WALKING SUIT.—For a promenade in the afternoon, after the day's work is finished by the man of business, who can leave his occupation early enough, or for the constitutional of the man of leisure, much latitude in the matter of dress is allowed.

COAT.—He may don a cut-a-way suit of one piece of cloth, or a dark cut-a-way or Prince Albert coat, with trousers in breezy figures of plaids, or stripes, or checks, or mixtures. The dark coat may be of a heavily ribbed material, diagonal or rougher goods, and may be black or blue, or any dark shade.

VEST.—The vest may match the coat, with or without an inner edging of white duck, or it may be of more fancy design, blue, maroon or other colored grounds dashed with small figures in contrasting colors, of which there are innumerable patterns to be had.

SCARF.—The scarf must be either a four-in-hand, a fish, or a de Joinville tied by hand. For colors there is the whole range of the outfitters' stock to draw from, and a touch of brilliancy in the coloring of the neckwear for the street is commendable.

OVERCOAT.—It is the fashion to take your exercise without an overcoat, and in severe weather a heavy undervest of flannel or chamois, skin is adopted rather than support the weight of the outside garment.

The walking overcoat is made of light colored venetians or dark cheviots, cut single breasted, fly front, plain edges and soft fronts.

The whole costume should be set off with a boutonniere of white or colored flowers, and the swing of a walking stick should keep time with the rhythm of the step.

The above are hints and styles furnished by Mr. Henry A. Taylor, importing tailor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

Too Generous.

In the fire's ruddy glow she sat,
Bending o'er her knitting,
As through the meshes of soft, blue wool
Her fingers had to be flitting.

"Ah, sweety!" he said, "such dainty work
To you must be a pleasure—
If made by your hands, one little gift
I should esteem a treasure."

"Oh, would you, sir," the maid replied,
With face demure as a kitten—
"Well, then, you may have this very one,
I'm going to make a mitten."

Mrs. McLaughlin, a modiste from Chicago, has opened private parlors at 220 Wellington street west, where some splendid costumes are already on view. For several years she was connected with the firm of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

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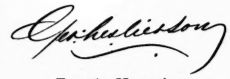

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